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# SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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THE

## SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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## CHRONICLE.

IT is somewhat strange to find ourselves in Parliament agreeing with Lord RIPON and disagreeing with the Duke of CAMBRIDGE; but we are in that position with reference to a conversation in the House of Lords on *Friday* week. The subject was the abolition of the commandships-in-chief of the Madras and Bombay armies, which the ex-Viceroy (agreeing therein with all recent Viceroys, and with the best living exponents of Indian military opinion) would have abolished, or at least reduced to lieutenantancies, while the DUKE would have them left alone. We would ourselves have nothing abolished unless it is demonstrably harmful; but we confess that we think the present status of the two minor Indian armies has done harm ever since the Mutiny, and may do worse. To mention only one thing, it is perfectly notorious that part of the Bombay and a still larger part of the Madras army is of very little good at all for active service, and it cannot but be obvious that the independent commands tend to perpetuate this state of things rather than to improve it. In the Commons some wrangling and a division took place on the nomination of the Hanging Committee (they call it officially "Abridged Procedure on Partly Considered Bills," but the other is much the better title). Mr. LABOUCHERE was ostensibly concerned with a matter of nomenclature, "Liberal-Unionists, or some such silly name." But the real cause of quarrel was the inextinguishable hatred of the Parnellites, English and Irish, for Mr. T. W. RUSSELL. Mr. RUSSELL's name was, however, carried by 273 to 163. The rest of the evening was spent on the Police Bill, which, with the help of the Closure, was read a second time just at midnight. The necessity of coercion was only due to Dr. TANNER; for the debate, as a whole, was legitimate and respectable. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT himself, though he maintained his new-found deference for local authorities, was quite calm and rational in his remarks, both on this subject and on the earlier squabble about Mr. RUSSELL. It is a pity that a letter from him on the subject of his fight with the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, published on the same day as the report of these debates, deserves less complimentary description. When a man drags in a quotation about market gardens as a support to his own remarks about small holdings, he either makes a special reference to that division of such holdings which is gardened for market, or he talks meaningless nonsense. Now we have often known Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to talk mischievous stuff, and stuff which might be colloquially called nonsense; but we have never known him to talk nonsense without a meaning.

Another quiet and more or less businesslike day was spent on *Monday*; a little conversation on the feelings of the Heliopolanders, which have suddenly become of the intensest interest to the Gladstonian party, passing between Lords ROSEBURY and SALISBURY in the Upper House, Mr. SMITH still postponing definite information as to the intentions of the Government in the Lower, and several Bills being helped on their way or put an end to. The greater part of the time in the Commons was spent on the Western Australia Bill, a measure on which, despite the fact that the principal malcontents are Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, Dr. CLARK, and Company, and despite also the wonderful unanimity of the Front Benches, it is difficult to be very enthusiastic.

The quietness still continued on *Tuesday*, when the House of Lords read the Sheriffs Bill a second time (rather to the disgust of the Law Lords, who like whopping a country gentleman), and the House of Commons read the Barracks Bill and another a third time, finished Committee on that rather dubious piece of legislation the Western Australia Bill, and took a good many divisions and much

time over the Scotch Police Bill. As to this last the Scotch members are divided among themselves, while the Irish Nationalists and the English Irresponsible are always ready to give a hand against the Government.

On *Wednesday* in the Commons the Directors' Liability Bill (which according to some is to make "guinea-pigging" impossible, and according to others will make the guinea-pig the sole procurable director) was read a third time, by 224 to 50, and a good many other Bills were forwarded.

The expected intimation on *Thursday* of the intentions of the Government was not vouchsafed, Mr. SMITH preferring, perhaps wisely, to wait a little longer, and, if possible, get a little more business done, though his ostensible and sufficiently plausible reason was the pendent action of the Hanging Committee. The Army Estimates formed the principal subject of real business after the usual questions and conversation, in the course of which Mr. BRADLAUGH championed that Lord of Misrule, the Maharajah of CASHMERE. The most interesting thing in the Estimates debate was Mr. STANHOPE's discourse on the report of Lord HARTINGTON's Commission, and the most interesting thing in this discourse was the official intimation that Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS will stay two years longer in India to complete the frontier defence scheme and other measures which have made his commandship-in-chief one of the most memorable in Indian history, and that Sir REDVERS BULLER will succeed to the Adjutancy-General vacated in the usual way by Lord WOLSELEY. The Upper House helped on some Bills and discoursed on Alien Immigration and the Naval Reserve.

Foreign  
Affairs.

The conclusions of the Anti-Slavery Conference have been signed by the representatives of all the Powers except Holland and Turkey. The Dutch reluctance is thought to be not unconnected with "squareface"; for Holland in the singular sucks no small advantage from Hollands in the plural. The assent of the Porte is regarded as merely a matter of time.—At the end of last week a revolution of quite the good old Central and South American type was announced from San Salvador—a beautiful jumble of balls, barracks, free shooting, changes of Government, and the like. In a world all rocking and changing these Central and South American revolutions are among the few things that restore one's confidence in the uniformity of nature and human nature.—An ugly disturbance in Armenia was also reported; and the publication of a Newfoundland Blue-book showed to the full how very awkward the Fishery question is. It is probably the most awkward that has arisen in our time.—Contrary to general expectation, Prince FERDINAND of Bulgaria, after waiting for the confirmation of the sentence on Major PANITZA, signed the death-warrant, and the Major was shot on Saturday last—a fate, as we have shown at length before now, more deserved than expected.—Official inspection in Paris has warranted the solvency of the Crédit Foncier, which had been deeply involved in recent crashes.—Some violent expressions of disgust with the Anglo-German agreement appear to have been delivered by extreme German *Colonialmenschen* at Cologne on Wednesday—a circumstance which should comfort our own grumblers.—It was announced on Thursday that the Spanish Ministry had resigned.—The remains of the poet MICKIEWICZ have been transferred to and buried at Cracow with demonstrations of Polish affection towards Austria, which, perhaps, chiefly mean Polish dislike of Russia and Germany.

The Barrow  
Election.

It is, of course, an unfortunate and an annoying thing that Mr. WAINWRIGHT was not returned for Barrow on Wednesday, especially as the comparative polling shows that no considerable number of Barrow Conservatives must be fools

enough to prefer private crotchet to public welfare. But we do not know that Mr. CAINE's defeat does not almost compensate for that of Mr. WAINWRIGHT. The former member for Barrow had never been trustworthy on any point but Ireland, and since the PARNELL Commission had been more and more untrustworthy on that. And it is a further advantage to have it shown that unquestioning and unhesitating slavery to Mr. GLADSTONE is the only qualification now required from a Gladstonian candidate. Meanwhile the return of Mr. DUNCAN has hugely rejoiced those who think that a man can prove himself a politician by using unmannerly language about Lord HARTINGTON.

Two different political festivities were held last Meetings, &c. Saturday, the great Conservative and Unionist meeting at the Crystal Palace, and a dinner to Mr. PARNELL. It must delight all lovers of cheerfulness to find that Mr. BALFOUR is only less satisfied with the situation than Mr. PARNELL, and Mr. PARNELL than Mr. BALFOUR. We do not think that Mr. PARNELL has very much to be happy about; but a certain amount of congratulation must be given to Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. GOSCHEN for their pluck. Like them, we believe the cause of the Union to be in no worse plight than it was some months ago; but, unlike them, we cannot quite affirm that nobody has blundered in a certain little matter of certain clauses. However, if they like, we will say "Not 'Guilty'; but we must add, 'For Heaven's sake don't 'do it again.'—On Monday Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL made in sober, and yet by no means dull mood, a really capital speech in favour of Mr. WAINWRIGHT's candidature at Barrow—a speech which seems to show the speaker in a remarkably clothed and right-minded condition. Let us welcome this condition by all means, and not inquire too curiously into the exact concatenation of events to which it is due.—Wednesday was a great day for entertainments of various kinds—the chief being the Post Office Conversation (it is to be hoped that the report of groans at HER MAJESTY's name by the disaffected Telegraph clerks is false); a dinner, attended by a very distinguished company, including the Dukes of CONNAUGHT and CLARENCE, to Lord REAY, whom every one respects, even though every one does not agree as to his efficiency in governing Bombay; and a sort of omnibus, or Noah's Ark, banquet given by the Lord Mayor to clerical and ministerial persons of motley kinds.—On Thursday the Royal Geographical Society entertained Mr. STANLEY.

Sport. Rain interfered with almost all cricket-matches last Saturday (as well as with all on Monday), and there was no racing of note at the close of the week. But the sale of HER MAJESTY's yearlings was made very interesting by the recent success of Sainfoin and Memoir, both Hampton-bred; and a sister to Memoir made the enormous price for a yearling of 5,500 guineas; while the whole sale brought in 15,000*l.* High prices, though none quite so high, were also paid for yearlings during this week at Newmarket.—When the University match at last began on Tuesday, only part of a day's play was possible, during which the whole Oxford eleven went out for forty-two runs, and three Cambridge wickets fell for forty. Wednesday saw the finish, Cambridge winning by seven wickets.—At Newmarket on Tuesday the July Stakes went to Baron DE ROTHSCHILD's Beauharnais; while Bumptious in the Bottisham Plate did not repeat his Ascot success over his elders, receiving nearly three stone and a beating from Mephisto. The two-year-old, however, recovered his character next day in the Plantation Stakes against a good field of his own age. The last day of the meeting was chiefly interesting to the general because the PRINCE OF WALES won the Maiden Plate with Pierrette, though he lost the Ellesmere Stakes with Golden Maze. At Carlisle the Cumberland Plate gave occasion to the unusual incident of a long-distance race (nearly two miles) being run for the whole way twice over, owing to a false start. This is a fashion—but hardly the right fashion—of reviving the four-mile races of the past for which some sigh.

Miscellaneous. There have been several law cases of interest during the week, the chief being a curious case of setting hounds on a writ-server, for which Mr. ARTHUR LABOUCHERE, a Yorkshire gentleman, was fined 100*l.*; and as still more curious Dublin case of *crim. con.*, in which Dr. MACAN, President of the Gynecological Society, was, by his own confession, shown to have been woefully deficient in the practical part of that difficult science. The jury, however,

gave only a farthing damages against him, and rightly.—It is a very great pity that a jury, apparently with Lord COLERIDGE's approval, should have refused to warrant the local authorities in affording protection to the inhabitants of Whitechurch against the Salvation Army nuisance.—On Tuesday night the Leeds gasmen gave a fresh proof that trade Societies are enemies of society by throwing the town into darkness and getting up a serious riot, which was only quieted by the help of cavalry, and was repeated next day. Unfortunately, the Town Council seem to have, at least to some extent, knuckled down. When an individual puts a pistol to another man's head and says "Your money or your life," society sends him to penal servitude, and, if the pistol goes off, may possibly hang him. When a Trade-Union does exactly the same thing, society, after a little hesitation, says, "Good gentlemen, pray take anything you want, and let me alone till next time."

Obituary. Universal regret has been felt at the death, while still under sixty, of Lord CARNARVON, whose character is reflected in his unique distinction of having resigned office in three different Governments—first, because he could not agree with the Reform Bill of 1867; secondly, because, a more serious matter, he could not stomach the advance of the British fleet to Constantinople when the Russians seemed to have that city at their mercy; and, lastly, after his unfortunate interview with Mr. PARNELL five years ago;—and in the other fact that, notwithstanding his two earlier acts of jibbing, he yet had the chance of committing a third. No man of honour ever doubted Lord CARNARVON's honour; no honest man the excellence of his intentions; no competent judge his accomplishments of mind; the only things he lacked were a clear judgment and a strong will. Less noteworthy, but still noticeable, was the death of Lord MAGHERAMORNE, otherwise Sir JAMES HOGG, a man who did a very great amount of public service as Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, that defunct body whose sins, such as they were, were better than the virtues of its successor. Sir JAMES GOWANS was a prominent citizen of Edinburgh, and Mr. ROBERT LEEDS, a man very well known indeed among those whose talk is of bullocks. Mr. WILLIAM CRAWFORD, M.P. for Mid-Durham, a Gladstonian and a "Labour" representative, was understood to be very popular among his constituents, and was respected even by those who think that class representation in Parliament is the worst of all misrepresentation. Mr. FRANCIS BENNOCH united the odd distinctions of having been known as a friend of men of letters in the last generation and as a financier in this; while M. DE SOLOMÉ was a portrait-artist of some note.

Books, Art, &c. We notice Mr. STANLEY's *In Darkest Africa* (SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, & Co.) fully elsewhere. A magnificent volume by Mr. JAMES L. BOWES on *Japanese Pottery* has also appeared (Liverpool: HOWELL); as well as Sir CHARLES WILSON's *Olive* in the series of "English Men of Action" (MACMILLAN).—Some very interesting Art sales took place at the end of last week. Among the objects which changed hands were a GAINSBOROUGH and a PAUL POTTER belonging to the late Duke of SOMERSET, both of which brought very large prices; a ROMNEY (Lady HAMILTON, as usual) of Mr. LONG's, which was bought for nearly 4,000*l.*; the famous Farnley TURNERS, which were sold for some 25,000*l.*, and GIBSON's Tinted VENUS. This last, more unfortunate even than her namesake and copy in Mr. ANSTAY's extravaganza, has passed, it is said, into the hands of Messrs. PEARS. May the wrath of the most amiable of goddesses when pleased, and the most dangerous when offended, be averted from the country!

#### MR. STANLEY'S BOOK.

MR. STANLEY's expedition in search of EMIN Pasha was so interesting a thing in itself, and has had such momentous consequences, that we are glad to notice the volumes, published by Messrs. SAMPSON LOW & Co., in which the full record of it has appeared, in the most prominent place possible. Nor is there mixed with this intention of honour any implication of dishonour, though a very determined MOMUS might plausibly maintain that the book is hardly to be reviewed as literature. A curious and characteristic Publishers' and Author's Note takes pride in telling us how rapidly it was written, and how "two of the



"largest binderies" were all but unable to get it clothed in time. Literature is incurious about the efforts of the largest binderies, and demands, not that a book shall be written fast, but that it shall be written well. A little more time would not have been ill spent in the revision or correction of such sentences as, "Though very grateful, and fully impressed with his generosity, in this unnecessary allusion to the Zanzibaris, and to this covert intimation that we are responsible for their excesses, Mr. BENTLEY has proved that it must have cost him a struggle to grant the loan of the *Peace*." In a regular review we should have been obliged to take notice of not a few such things. Nor does literature busy herself with the curious process of alternately tempting the public appetite by instalments and withholdings. But the book, though its main outlines are pretty well known already, and though it might with advantage have been much reduced in size, is still a very interesting book. The passages dealing with the physical characteristics of the great Congo forest, with the pigmies, and with the Alpine region of Ruwenzori, which excited Mr. STANLEY's enthusiasm so strongly, and which he has done not a little to enable Lord SALISBURY to secure for England, are excellent specimens of their kind, and will deserve separation from the rest of the volumes, and preservation permanently, when much of the rest has been sent to join the journalism to which, and not to literature, it really belongs. Some of the lighter parts, such as the account of the reconciliation by Mr. STANLEY of an enraged couple, are also very good. The illustrations are vivid and good, and the maps, respecting which Mr. STANLEY not unjustly complains that they are too often passed without notice by reviewers, are of great importance and excellence. Even under the conditions of form, time, and the like, with which the author has chosen to handicap himself, *In Darkest Africa* is a very considerable achievement.

Passing over, therefore, any detailed criticism of the ordinary reviewing kind, and very briefly observing that some well-known mental—and, as some say, "temperamental"—characteristics of Mr. STANLEY's reappear, only a little chastened from the crudity of his original letters, we may devote ourselves to two questions connected with the book which are, for the present, the most important. What new lights does it throw on the controversies respecting the conduct of the expedition? What estimate does it enable us to form of that expedition's results? The answer to the latter will be almost wholly to Mr. STANLEY's credit; and, as we are impatient to get to it, we shall dismiss the answer to the former as briefly as possible. Omit it we cannot, because it concerns the credit of dead men as well as of living. Almost all good judges have long ago recognized the crucial points in reference to it. They are the selection of the Congo route, the arrangement with TIPPOO TIB, the attitude of Mr. STANLEY towards Major BARTELOT and the rearguard, and his attitude to EMIN Pasha. The account now fully laid before us from his own side has, of course, the drawback of an incomplete tally. We do not know what TIPPOO TIB says, we do not know what EMIN says, we only know very imperfectly (death having cut the communication short) what Major BARTELOT said. As to this last matter, Mr. STANLEY, in one of his rather rash imitations of CARLYLE, affects to regard the whole thing as an inexplicable instance of diabolic interference with human affairs. We do not think it quite so unintelligible ourselves, even from Mr. STANLEY's own account, given though that account be, to some extent, in the exceedingly dangerous and questionable form of reminiscences of long conversations. It has to be admitted at once that Mr. STANLEY, if he has not shown that the West Coast Route was the best, has shown that it was very nearly forced on him by the combined action of the English Foreign Office, the King of the BELGIANS, Germany, and France. Having selected it, he made the fatal bargain with TIPPOO TIB. We say fatal; and we maintain that his own account and apology settle the matter in this sense. For the vacillations and delays which puzzle him so in the case of the rearguard were obviously due, first to the failure of TIPPOO to carry out his bargain (this no one denies), and, secondly (as we think this book makes clear), to Major BARTELOT's strong sense of the importance which his chief attached to TIPPOO's co-operation. If any one will read the long talk which Mr. STANLEY represents himself as having had with the Major just before parting, he will, we think, not fail to detect the germ of the evil. No doubt

if Major BARTELOT had been a DRAKE or a CLIVE—if he had been even a second STANLEY—all would doubtless have gone well. But he was a young man in more senses than one—a mere child, it would seem, in the exceedingly old hands of the veteran slave-trader; he knew, and was obviously disturbed at the knowledge, that his chief thought him hot-headed and too eager to get on; his "council of war" seems to have played him the usual tricks of councils of war; his native headmen seem to have been incapable, if not positively disaffected; he was ingeniously plied with continual false reports of disaster to the force in advance. And so all went wrong. Still, not merely the original, but, we maintain, the constantly efficient cause of the going wrong was the ill-omened and injudicious bargain with TIPPOO TIB. To set a thief to catch a thief is often good game; it is never good game to associate a thief with yourself in thief-catching when he has an opportunity of making more profit by helping the thief against you. As for the EMIN matter, even fewer words will suffice, and here, as in the case of the selection of route, Mr. STANLEY, though his statement is still an *ex parte* statement merely, has distinctly improved his case. We think, indeed, that a certain sense of wounded dignity, to which he seems to be very prone, prejudiced him rather unfairly against EMIN from the first moment when the Pasha failed to send his steamers to anticipate or hit off the arrival of the expedition at Lake Albert. And there was the most obvious and frankly avowed incompatibility of temper, and indeed inability to understand one another, between the two men throughout. But that EMIN must have been horribly trying; that he really could not or would not make up his mind; that his scientific avocations (Mr. STANLEY will chuckle at a passage in his first letter since he joined the German service) amply justified the sharp sentence of GORDON long before, "I sent you to be a governor, not a photographer," and were unreasonable in the highest degree; that his easy-going sleevelessness might have led to the ruin of the whole expedition had Mr. STANLEY been less masterful; that his conduct after his accident at Bagamoyo was almost inexplicable—these we think to be things as much proved as anything can be said to be proved by affidavits which have not been the subject of cross-examination or statement on the other side.

The rest is praise only. In no expedition of Mr. STANLEY's has his strength better appeared. The mere struggle, three times repeated, through forest and famine was a great thing. The reorganization, transformation into a serviceable force, and safe conduct through the wilderness of a body of men reduced to such fearful plight, mentally and physically, as the rearguard at Banalya, was, we think, a greater. But greatest of all was the manner in which, despite his own ill-health, despite the Pasha's vacillation, despite the treachery of the Egyptians, and despite the almost more dangerous and not unreasonable disaffection of the Zanzibaris with the work that was put on them, by and for these *fainéants*, he brought safely out from one of the least accessible spots in the whole world, by routes almost unknown, and through the active opposition of the redoubted troops of KABBA REGA, the mob of recalcitrant refugees who were committed to his care. Courage is a good thing; fortitude is a better; judgment is a better still; but patience united to these three is the best of all. If Mr. STANLEY had lost patience, or had allowed it to be deserted by the other three for one day on the plateau above the Albert Nyanza, he would in all probability either never have returned, or never have returned with the prize he was sent to secure. As to the things he has done for England, or rather has enabled and helped to persuade England to do for herself, these, we hope and believe, will be shown to be greater and greater as time goes on. Many good, and perhaps some better, men had before him given to England the right over Western Equatorial Africa, over the sources of the Nile, over the most promising region in the whole continent. But it has been Mr. STANLEY's good fortune and his good deed, at the very nick of time, at once to stir the English people up to demand, and to give English statesmen reason to insist, that no other nation shall enter into the fruit of these English labours. And for this he deserves the perpetual thanks of all good Englishmen.

## LORD CARNARVON.

THE death of Lord CARNARVON scarcely counts as a political event. He had no following; he can scarcely be said to have followed himself; indeed, he periodically bolted from himself. He was not what it is the fashion to call a powerful personality. But men whose removal will leave a greater gap in the national life will be parted with, when the time comes for their country to say good-bye to them, with less regret than his death has caused in circles far wider than the political party to which he was loosely attached, or than the intimacies of his order, family, and neighbourhood. Lord CARNARVON was not, as we have hinted, one of those men who impress themselves upon others by marked force of will or originality of intellect. Nevertheless, he was far from being a man made to pattern by a process of wholesale manufacture, or turned out of a common mould. There was a real individuality about him. It could not be said of him, as was said of a well-known personage, that he might have changed minds with almost anybody else taken at random, and no one would have noticed any difference. Those who knew Lord CARNARVON always thought of what he was in himself, and not of what he had done, or of what, but for opportunities lost through mischance, or through infirmity, often an infirmity having its root in real nobleness of mind, he might have done. In fact, the chief use of his public life was to exhibit to his countrymen a type of character singularly winning, in which gentleness and a large and genial humanity were blended with a keen sensitiveness of personal honour, and a resolute purpose to follow the right at whatever cost of mortified ambition or wounded friendships. It was the one effort of Lord CARNARVON's life to be true to himself, in word and deed. Or rather, perhaps, it was the happy endowment of his nature to be true, without effort, to that nobler self which in him was his whole self, and to be so little actuated by meaner motives as to win the victory without conflict. He was, in a much larger sense than the words conventionally bear, *l'homme comme il faut*. In the tribute paid to him in St. Paul's Cathedral on the day which followed his death, Archdeacon SINCLAIR spoke of the union in him of Christian simplicity with a chivalrous sense of honour. Something of the contrasted qualities of the two strange brothers, sprung at a distant day from the stock out of which he grew, might, without an extravagant exercise of fancy, be attributed to him. A Christian Lord HERBERT of Cherbury or a knightly GEORGE HERBERT would have foreshadowed the Earl of CARNARVON.

Lord CARNARVON was born in 1831, in the crisis of the struggle over the Reform Bill, of which his father was an eager opponent. He was an alarmed Whig, usually the extremist form of Tory. The late Lord CARNARVON used to say that he considered himself half a Whig, but that Mr. GLADSTONE drove him away from the fold. In the same way his father was a Whig terrified by Lord GREY. Passing through Eton and Christ Church, he took a first class at Oxford in 1852, and the elegant scholarship which is the special growth of that University, impressed with the humanities and amenities of literature, as distinguished from the severe philological and grammatical gymnastic of Cambridge, remained with him to the last. It contributed to equip him with something even better than that—a certain magnanimity in action, speech, and thought, a reverence for great deeds and great ideas, and the great characters and minds in which they originate. We scarcely know where, among the statesmen he has left behind him, to look for an instance which so well exemplifies the best results of that old learning of the nineteenth century which was the new learning of the fifteenth.

The death of his father converted Lord PORCHESTER, at eighteen years of age, into the Earl of CARNARVON. His Parliamentary career was, therefore, confined to the House of Lords. With the Duke of ARGYLL and Lord ROSEBURY among his contemporaries, though not, perhaps, in the same degree as either, Lord CARNARVON is an example of a man achieving distinction in debate without going through the House of Commons, which is, or was, to the rough discipline of political life what the public school is to life in its larger aspects. Lord CARNARVON's oratory suffered to the last from the lack of this experience. The formal, precise academic manner of the Union debater was never completely overcome. The tone of the amateur clung to him. The mischief was more penetrating. That necessity of accommodation to forces of opinion and passion, which, like the powers of nature,

must be obeyed if they are to be controlled and directed to a clearly conceived end, was never completely recognized by him. A rather capricious assertion of his own individual opinion, enforced by resignation of office on occasions which did not in every instance seem to those who criticised from the outside to involve any vital principle, suggested a certain disproportion and want of balance in political judgment. Of course this excess of scrupulousness is better than the absolute unscrupulousness of which we have recently had conspicuous examples. But, though to disregard conscientious scruples is a vice, to make scruples of conscience on minor matters is by no means a merit. It is a sign rather of an ailing than of a robust political virtue. Lord CARNARVON was a Cabinet Minister in three Governments—under Lord DERBY, Lord BEACONSFIELD, and Lord SALISBURY. All of them he felt himself obliged to leave.

It is not now necessary to consider the grounds of his resignation on the Reform Bill of the first of these Ministers, the foreign policy of the second, or the Irish administration of the third. But the inference is plausible that it was constitutionally impossible to Lord CARNARVON to act permanently with any body of men. His weakness was not the weakness of the wavering and flickering Lord RIPON. It was the weakness which disguises itself as resolution, and assumes to be more firm than firmness itself. His scrupulousness is distinguished honourably from that of some of his contemporaries, who, more copious than he in the creation of moral difficulties, apply the resources of a fertile and disingenuous casuistry for their own extrication and release. The great mistake of Lord CARNARVON's official career, the mistake which brought it to a close, was the celebrated interview which he had with Mr. PARNELL in the empty London house, the details of which must always remain in doubt, since the only two persons who knew all about it differed vitally in their account of it. If it were a question of comparative truthfulness, Mr. PARNELL's admitted casuistry in relations of fact and speech would leave him without ground of complaint if judgment were given against him. No one has ever held it possible that Lord CARNARVON should depart by a single hair-breadth from what he believed to be the truth. But this alternative is not necessary. Mr. PARNELL contended that Lord CARNARVON declared himself in favour of an Irish Parliament, with larger powers of Home Rule than even Mr. GLADSTONE's measure embodied. Lord CARNARVON said that Mr. PARNELL mistook his own demands for Lord CARNARVON's concessions; and it is probable that he interpreted Lord CARNARVON's courteous reception of what he said as an assent to it. The interview, however, was a mistake as great, though not quite so serious in its consequences, as those negotiations of Lord BROUGHAM and Mr. LITTLETON with O'CONNELL which overthrew the Government of Lord GREY.

Besides being Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord CARNARVON was twice Secretary of State for the Colonies, and the great measure which welded the British provinces of America into the Dominion of Canada is a permanent memorial of his statesmanship. But his political career is chiefly memorable as adding completeness to the character of one of the best types of the English noble that our time, or any other, has offered. The charm of his home life; the winning grace and courtesy of manner which seemed not merely the expression of a generous nature, but the flowering of centuries of inherited civility and culture; the unflagging interest which he felt in the tenants about him, and in the history and antiquities of his county; the ease with which a large knowledge derived from travel and classical scholarship entered into his conversation, were crowned by his service of the country in high political office. Lord CARNARVON's translations of HOMER and ÆSCHYLUS throw, perhaps, more light on his own graceful and lettered taste than on these originals. But they help to complete the image of a character of singularly varied excellence. Lord CARNARVON will not fill a great place in history; but, for the proper hands, no more attractive subject of biography could easily be found.

## THE UNIVERSITY MATCH.

THE weather seems to have a grudge against the match between the Universities. As a rule, Lord's is a quagmire during this contest, and the wicket mainly consists of mud and sawdust. As it rained almost all day



on Monday, it was plain that the circumstances would be against run-getting. Not a ball was bowled, and the match began at half-past eleven on Tuesday. The odds were decidedly on Cambridge, which has not had such an eleven since the days of Mr. STEEL and Mr. C. T. STUDD, even if it had such an eleven then. Mr. WOODS is usually thought the best gentleman bowler of the day; Mr. STREATFEILD is perhaps even more dangerous, from his great art of varying his pace and power of making the ball twist every way. Mr. FORD, Mr. HALE, Mr. JACKSON, are all useful bowlers, quite good enough to take the first place in most elevens, and there are other good changes. Mr. MACGREGOR eclipses even Mr. ALFRED LYTTELTON, and at least rivals Mr. BLACKHAM at the wickets. He has unusual grace, certainty, and confidence. Almost all the team are mighty run-getters, as they showed, notably, against Yorkshire, the Australians, and Sussex, off whose bowling they made over seven hundred runs, in one innings, for nine wickets. Mr. DOUGLAS, Mr. GOSLING, Mr. JACKSON, Mr. FOLEY, Mr. FORD, are only a few of the capable and hard-hitting batsmen. All the eleven can bat, as a rule; even Mr. WOODS and Mr. STREATFEILD, though bowlers, are wont to score freely.

Oxford had only won two matches, against Lancashire and Sussex, and the Oxford bats and bowlers were not nearly so trustworthy as their opponents. Mr. LLEWELLYN, however, and Mr. PALAIRET had just played excellently against the good bowling of PUGHEN, MARTIN, and GEORGE HEARNE. Mr. JARDINE was thought good away from Lord's. Mr. SMITH can hit; Mr. SCHWANN has a name for steadiness, and Mr. BASSETT and Mr. BERKELEY are steady bats, for bowlers. Mr. THESIGER is excellent, when "set," but he does not always remain at the wicket long enough to get his eye in. In bowling there was a good deal more to be said for quantity than quality. Mr. BERKELEY, medium left-hand, has been useful, if expensive; the same may be said for Mr. BASSETT. If Mr. SMITH, a very fast right-hand, were always at his best, he would recall Mr. A. H. EVANS. Mr. THESIGER has been valuable as a change, reminding one a little of "Round-the-corner SMITH." Mr. DAUGLISH, as a wicket-keeper, is respectable, and better than Mr. LITTLE, though, perhaps, not so useful as a bat. On paper Cambridge might win by any odds. The match began in bright weather, and on a sodden wicket, on Tuesday. Mr. THESIGER, winning the toss, went in. Opinions differ, but this seems to have been an error. The wicket, if the sun shone, would get more difficult every over. If it rained, nobody could say what would happen. Mr. SMITH and Mr. LLEWELLYN began the batting, and played with spirit for a few overs. Then Mr. LLEWELLYN cut a ball into his wicket, and the familiar Oxford rout and panic began. How often we have seen it at Lord's! Good men playing like the third eleven of a Commercial Academy. Mr. JARDINE was bowled by Mr. STREATFEILD for 3; Mr. WILSON, Mr. SCHWANN, Mr. THESIGER, Mr. PALAIRET, Mr. BASSETT contributed cyphers, all clean bowled. They could not look at Mr. STREATFEILD's deliveries; but Mr. SMITH kept on hitting, and gave two easy high catches, badly missed. Mr. SMITH was then bowled, Mr. DAUGLISH got 9, and Mr. BRADBY, who certainly had not lost heart, was unlucky. Mr. BERKELEY, who was in with him, was run out, though he seemed to be actually behind his wicket when it was put down. However, the Umpire knows best, and he had given a batter the benefit of the doubt on a catch at wickets. Mr. SMITH's 22 was the only double figure. It was, on the whole, a most unworthy innings. The ball did not seem to be very much helped by the wicket, yet nobody could show any defence. Mr. SMITH was quite right to try hitting, and we fancy Mr. BRADBY, had he been allowed to stay, meant business. Oxford has made a less score than this of 42 when Mr. STEEL was bowling. Cambridge never plays these melancholy tricks. The fielding was not very good, but the ball was probably greasy and hard to hold. Mr. DOUGLAS and Mr. FORD began the Cambridge innings, in a bad light and with "shadowstreaks of rain" on the horizon. Mr. DOUGLAS was unlucky, and hit his wicket. Mr. SMITH drove Mr. FORD's wickets in admired confusion. When Mr. SMITH bowls a man there is no mistake about the matter; there really is what Mr. BOUNCER, in the spirit of the Sagas, called "a noise in his timber-yard." He next sent Mr. MACGREGOR's leg-stump curvetting in air, and then Mr. FOLEY was missed—rather a hard catch, but nearly held, at long slip. Then the rain went to the wicket, and stayed

there till play was out of the question. A draggled and dyspeptic throng, fed, *sed non satiata*, on sandwiches, retreated through the melancholy mud. It was not bad fishing weather, for some waters, but it was death to cricket.

On Wednesday morning Mr. FOLEY added to his score; and Mr. JACKSON put on some runs. The sixth wicket of Cambridge fell for 91; the tenth for 97. The Oxford fielding was wonderfully clean and good. Mr. SMITH, apparently, could not keep his footing in the swamp; but Mr. BASSETT bowled very steadily. So did Mr. BERKELEY; and Mr. THESIGER had high catches hit off him, and charmingly judged by Mr. JARDINE and Mr. BRADBY in the long fields. You could see from the first that these fielders knew to an inch where to have the ball; and they had it. So poor a show from so strong a team speaks unfavourably of the wicket; but the bowling and fielding were also most creditable, especially when we consider that Mr. SMITH was unable to do himself justice. A full pitch of Mr. BERKELEY's was hit into the tennis-court, and has not been found at all, by latest accounts. But there were few hits to the boundaries, and the bowlers were clearly very troublesome.

The second innings of Oxford began by Mr. SMITH trying Mr. FOLEY with a common catch, which he dropped. But Mr. SMITH and Mr. LLEWELLYN were promptly bowled; while Mr. WILSON and Mr. JARDINE played the best cricket yet seen in the match. Their cutting was particularly good. Unluckily the Oxford eleven now began to try for Mr. KEY's stroke across to square leg, and several were bowled in attempting preposterous hits. The 45 put on by Mr. WILSON and Mr. JARDINE induced Cambridge to try Mr. JACKSON, Mr. HALE, and Mr. FORD, who all seemed one more difficult than the other. Mr. PALAIRET had some luck in mopping up 17. Mr. BRADBY hit resolutely for 20; but at last made a most schoolboy swipe at a straight short-pitched ball of Mr. WOODS. No doubt it was hard to get the ball away, but there was a good deal of clumsy recklessness in the Oxford batting. Mr. THESIGER was again of no avail. The hundred was reached with difficulty, and by aid of some lucky byes; the innings ended for 108. Oxford had lost a chance of keeping up their wickets and drawing the match. It could not have gone on into Thursday, as four of the Cambridge team were engaged for Gentlemen v. Players.

Cambridge had only some fifty-three runs to get, and the most sanguine admirers of Oxford knew that they would get them. The highest score of the match, 32, not out, and several of the finest hits, were made by Mr. FORD, who heads the Cambridge list of averages. He was missed, however, in the slips. Mr. JACKSON and Mr. MACGREGOR were bowled for a run apiece, Mr. DOUGLAS got 17, and so Cambridge won by seven wickets. All things considered, it was about the least by which they could have been expected to win. On a really sound and lively wicket Oxford might have fared much worse, for the wet more or less equalized the batting. Oxford bowled better than had been looked for, and fielded very well. They threw away their chance by one of their familiar tame collapses; perhaps no eleven so often goes all to hopeless fragments as that which wears the dark blue.

#### "LABOUR AND WAGES."

IT is a fact of which the significance hardly seems to be appreciated that Government servants should have begun to occupy a rather prominent place in the portion of the newspapers which is devoted to trade disputes. Also it is to be noted that their methods do not differ at all from those of other strikers. The London postmen who collected in Hyde Park last Sunday were as riotous as the gas-workers of Leeds who had to be broken up by a charge of cavalry twenty-four hours later. The Post Office men make no disguise of their intentions. The Secretary of their Union has been demonstrating in speeches and magazine articles that they must join hands with other workers. The scene in the Park shows what other workers they propose to take as a model. It is, also, only the other day since a part, at least, of the police used exactly the same language. This agitation has been stopped by a little firm handling at headquarters, and the turbulent minority have been made to understand that they cannot both belong to a disciplined force and enjoy the freedom of dockers. If they will look at the proceedings in Parliament on several nights within the last week, they must understand in what their

position differs from that of ordinary workmen. A body of men for whom the State provides a secure income which can be enjoyed without work before they are fifty must not expect instant sympathy if they clamour for increased pay, and none at all if they talk of putting pressure on their superiors. The Police Superannuation Bills have cut the ground from beneath the agitators entirely. Even if these measures had very palpable defects of detail, they would still secure to every metropolitan policeman a pension of a pound a week, which can be earned before he is fifty and is still in good health. We do not suppose that anybody considers this an excessive reward for the very trying work done by the London constables; but it is an immense advantage for them, however well it is deserved. A policeman has only to reflect for a moment to realize this. Let him ask himself what wages a man of his class would have to earn, and for how long, in order to save as much money as would give this income. Saving, too, implies both care and self-denial, neither of which is demanded from the policeman, for whom, as for all its servants, the State thinks and saves. The miner or the fisherman, whose work is not less laborious, and is even more dangerous, than the policeman's, must provide for his own old age or go to the workhouse. To be freed from this necessity is so great an advantage that the man who enjoys it ought to be prepared to accept even poor wages.

This is a consideration which it is becoming again necessary to impress on Government servants. The Telegraph clerks, for instance, need to have it pointed out to them forcibly. They have, it is said, decided not to work overtime. They will do their eight hours and no more. Now, if they engaged on the usual terms, this would be legitimate enough. They would only have to throw up their places, and we should then see whether the State could find others to do their work. That would be the position of a bank clerk or shopman who resented overtime. But the Telegraph clerks are by no means prepared to accept any such consequence. They maintain—and, as it seems, with truth—that they are not bound to work overtime. They will stand on their rights, and leave the Post Office to get out of the difficulty in the best way it can. As they have a good thing, they are not to be blamed for making the most of it; only they ought to understand that they do it at a certain risk. Already in the course of the debates on the Police Bill there have been signs of a growing inclination among non-official persons to inquire why the State should not hire its servants as other employers do; paying the market rate of wages, exacting the work it can get, and refusing to be liable for more than wages due for duty done. Hitherto the State has preferred to form services, because it thereby obtained a certain security against the sudden loss of its servants and had more command over them. If, however, this is no longer to be the case; if the Post Office, or any other department, is to be threatened with strikes, refusals to work, and so forth, the State had perhaps better resume its freedom too. The Government servant cannot have his cake and eat it also. He cannot have security against arbitrary dismissal and poverty in old age and also retain the freedom to throw up his work. The scene in Hyde Park shows that the worst of the Trades Union spirit is very strong among the postmen. Their conduct was worthy of the very worst of the dockers. Attacks with cudgels on spies, threats to throw men into the Serpentine, and open riot with the police are simply strike blackguardism. This kind of thing ought to be dealt with at once and severely. The men who have behaved in this fashion are no better than other roughs and rowdies. It is absurd that their conduct should be thought less worthy of punishment because they are Government servants. It is this very fact which makes their conduct so particularly disgraceful. A service which makes it a rule that its members should consider their connexion with the State a reason for behaving particularly well is infinitely respectable; but it is infinitely the reverse when it thinks that connexion an excuse for misconduct. The POSTMASTER-GENERAL will show great weakness, and will prepare trouble for himself and his successors, if he fails to punish with the utmost severity all who can be proved to have been concerned in the scandalous disorder of Sunday.

What kind of example the other workers to whom the Secretary of the Postmen's Union appeals will set, and what kind of help they would give, may be learnt from the progress of the gas strike at Leeds. There appears to have been some want of management and foresight on the part

of the gas committee, and it is not quite clear that the strike was not rather gratuitously provoked. But, however it may have been produced, it has very speedily become riotous to a great and dangerous degree. Not only threats, but attempts to murder, have been common, and the mob has gone as far as a mob can which meets with serious resistance. It has actually got to street fighting, to attempts to storm the gasworks on the part of the mob, to charges of cavalry, and to the discharge of revolvers. As yet the firearms have only been fired in the air and by night. But, unless repressive measures had been taken at the beginning, it would soon have got to firing by day and not in the air. The attacks on the unpopular Town Councillors, and the whole conduct of the strikers, show that they are disposed to go as far as the historic Bristol mob. If they have not done so already, it is because there has been more spirit and sense among the Leeds municipality than there was among the unfortunate persons who allowed Bristol to be largely sacked because they had not the nerve to fire soon enough. The dragoons have been called in, and have been used with such excellent effect that on the second day a mob which had started out to resume the work of rioting went back at once on learning that the cavalry was coming to meet them. A better example of the wisdom, and also of the humanity, of prompt measures was never given. A timely charge has, in all probability, saved Leeds from several charges, and even volleys of musketry, later on. As far as it goes, this is well; but it is not well that the charge should have been needed at all. What that proves is the existence, and not in the lowest class of the population either—for gasworkers are supposed to be picked men—of a violent and riotous spirit, which is exceedingly dangerous, and may some day have to be dealt with by charges of cavalry on a considerable scale. The reported decision of the Town Council to come to an arrangement with the strikers may be justified by the circumstances. It is well, however, to remember what those circumstances are. They are, shortly, that the old hands have frightened the "blacklegs" by unscrupulous terrorism, and the municipality cannot obtain new workmen. This is, of course, a triumph for the lawless party. Neither should it be forgotten that the new rules which supplied the pretext for the strike had been published before they came into force, and had not been objected to by the men. Yet the strike was prepared for quietly by a steady diminution of the quantity of gas manufactured, so that the works had no reserve to fall back on when there was need for it—which, again, is a very clear proof that the lawless acts of the men were the signs of a fixed lawless habit of mind.

#### THE LORD CHIEF SALVATIONIST.

THE acquittal of Mr. HERBERT BOOTH, the notorious "General's" son, and of a person absurdly called "Major BARRETT" in some of the newspapers, may not have been altogether due to Lord COLERIDGE's speech for the defence. The prosecution was clumsily conducted, and the witnesses for the Crown were not remarkable for intelligence. Moreover, there was an attempt—not very happy and not at all successful—to combine a charge of unlawful assembly and using minatory language with one of obstructing the highway, and so causing a nuisance. But if all the observations dropped from the Bench in the course of this rather comical trial are to be taken as law, and followed in practice, there will be a good deal more noise, and a good deal less peace, in a world where even now tranquillity seldom prevails. Why the Salvation Army should have fastened upon the little town of Whitchurch, in Hampshire, as a convenient centre for its unholy operations does not appear. The people of Whitchurch, while appreciating, doubtless, the honour done them, prefer a quiet life to this ambiguous distinction, and the local magistrates, possibly actuated by much the same feelings as their neighbours, have sentenced a good many of the invaders to fine and imprisonment. The indictment against Mr. BOOTH and the other defendants was removed into the Queen's Bench under PALMER's Act because of local prejudice against the Army and its supporters. Now prejudice, local or otherwise, is a very bad thing, and Salvationists are entitled, like everybody else, to the protection of the law. But, if Lord COLERIDGE be right in suggesting that the case was a trumpery and trivial one, inasmuch as nobody was seriously annoyed, it is a little



difficult to understand why the defendants should have objected to appear at the Winchester Assizes. They may consider all magistrates as haughty aristocrats and oppressors of the people. But jurors do not come from the same class as magistrates, and why should jurors be swayed by bias against individuals so harmless as Lord COLERIDGE represents the Salvationists to be? There is a fatal inconsistency in the line adopted by this eminent patron of "the Army," who may soon find himself, like the late Archbishop of Canterbury, enrolled as a lance-corporal in the host of Mr. BOOTH. If it was necessary for him to intervene on behalf of injured innocence, and even in London to protest against the hostility inspired by the Boothites, their proceedings cannot be so absolutely innocuous as the tone of the summing-up implies.

"People," says Lord COLERIDGE, "must submit to little temporary inconveniences, or the world could not go on at all." The world went on pretty well for a good many centuries without the Salvation Army, nor was the absence of such an institution a "felt want" when Mr. BOOTH first introduced himself to the public. When two thousand people take possession of the market-place in a country town, and hold it against all comers, the inhabitants may be excused for endeavouring to ascertain whether the law will give them any redress. This particular prosecution had nothing to do with the Whitechurch magistrates, and was never before them in any way. The superintendent of police sent up a bill to the grand jury at Winchester, and the grand jury found it to be a true one. It was proved that Mr. HERBERT BOOTH had proclaimed his intention of "taking the square," like his prototype in London three years ago, and that intention he fulfilled. The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND, and a special jury of Middlesex, may regard such puny warfare as beneath their notice and their dignity. But if they lived in Whitechurch they might see reason to think differently. "The law," we are told, "does not regard too delicate, or over-sensitive, feelings." It may be that, if everybody had robust health and strong nerves, the nuisance of all the shrieking and banging which passes with Salvationists for religion would not justify recourse to the criminal law. But, unfortunately, it is well known that the Salvationists have no respect for the repose of the suffering, the weary, or even the dying. They are often particularly aggressive when they come to a hospital, and they are absolutely deaf to appeals from a sick-room. Mr. WILLIS, in his very adroit speech to the jury, cited the glorious examples of our ancestors, with special reference to BUNYAN, and WESLEY, and WHITFIELD. But what has preaching in the open air to do with bellowing, and braying, and "volleys of halloo-lujahs," and playing wind instruments out of tune? Happily, the acquittal of particular individuals in special circumstances settles no question of principle; and Lord COLERIDGE'S law was for once better than his *obiter dicta*. He "told the jury that, if persons collected large numbers of people so as to cause a nuisance to the public, though not with any intention to do mischief, yet interfering with the rights of others, they broke the law." By acting upon the authority of this ruling the magistrates may do much to abate a nuisance of which he entirely fails to appreciate the gravity.

#### THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

THE reports of the last weekly meeting of the London County Council are a pleasure to read. It was a penitential meeting; and almost the whole of the proceedings yielded outward signs of an inward disturbance which may develop into spiritual grace. The Building Act Committee came forward with a Report in which it was admitted that the pretensions of the Council to first-rate ability as practical persons and abuse-reformers had suffered in at least one department. Its system of appointing District Surveyors was so well calculated to result in a neglect of the business of surveying, not to speak of more corrupting ills, that the Committee could but recommend the adoption of rules that would ensure a certain measure of reform in this somewhat important particular. Horse-dealing is believed to be so essentially demoralizing that no man may dabble in it without a falling away from honesty. In house-building and house-surveying there is something of the same fatality; and this has been so often and so well proved that a body like the London County Council, with the melancholy history of

the Metropolitan Board of Works before its eyes, ought to have begun with some precaution against the too-prevailing weakness. But the consequences of not doing so, having been forced upon the Council in a variety of disagreeable ways (one of them being that district surveyors sometimes sublet their offices), the error is acknowledged and amendment attempted. And yet there is a root of danger in the amendment; for in future the district surveyor is to be held to his duties on so inconsiderable an income that it is feared he may yield to the seductions of the palm-greasing jerry-builder, which, indeed, is the worst of evils.

But it was when the Parliamentary Committee reported the rejection by the House of Commons of the Betterment Clause of the Strand Improvement Bill that the Council revealed the more chastened spirit upon which we found our hopes. Judged from the whole procedure of this body up to Tuesday last, we should have said that the rejection of the clause would be followed (as nearly as possible) by one of those "conflicts" which occasionally take place between the House of Commons and the House of Lords. Fulmination of protest, if not a beadle-led procession from Spring Gardens to Westminster Hall, with the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill borne before it, was quite to be expected. It is a genuine pleasure to record that no such demonstration was attempted, or even thought of apparently. So far from contesting the moral right of the House of Commons to reject the clause, Lord ROSEBURY'S Councillors submitted with the handsome confession that they could hardly have expected anything else but rejection. To be sure, there is nothing to that effect in the resolution adopted by the Council when the matter was formally brought before them; but the general feeling came out plainly enough in the various speeches. Confession, indeed, was the order of the day. When the Strand Improvement Bill was framed, with that remarkable clause in it, suspicion was aroused that the intention of the Council was to establish precedent and authority for bleeding a certain order of property-holders throughout their jurisdiction. According to the political faith of the majority of the London County Council, it is not only convenient, it is also righteous, to come down upon the landlord in whatever shape he may exist, and rob him (as *he* calls it) for the public good. To all appearance, the London County Council had resolved to set about the reform in a systematic but not too glaring way; and this was part of the objection to the Betterment Clause of the Strand Improvement Bill. The design was not exactly denied by the framers of the Bill, but it was never admitted so clearly as on Tuesday last. It appears by general confession that, unless the betterment principle is applied in some way or other, there can be no more metropolitan improvements at present. Acting upon the same kind of logic that recommended the reduction of this principle to practice, the Council has lately thrown away an immense revenue which used to be drawn upon for this very purpose. With no sensible advantage to anybody in the world, it has lost the handsome product of the coal and wine dues; and the consequence is that the Council is crippled not only for heroic but for necessary improvements. There must be some limit to the imposition of general rating, especially as County Councillors are selected by the ratepayers; and it now appears, from the candid little speech of Mr. COSTELLOE and other London County Councillors, that if there is to be any more widening of thoroughfares, or betterment of that kind, another sort of betterment must contribute largely to defray the expense. Metropolitan improvements always use up a great deal of money; the proposed widening of the Strand could not be done for less than three-quarters of a million; and, unless the landlord class is to be squeezed wherever such improvements are suggested, the Council must either give them up or "impose an enormous burden on the metropolitan rate-payers."

So goes the argument which decided the London Council to proceed no further with the Strand Improvement Bill. Not that the Council means to abandon the betterment principle altogether. There are some members of the Council who believe that if they had gone more artfully to work the principle might have received the sanction of Parliament by this time. Mr. BENX, for instance, does not hesitate to say that in drafting the Strand Improvement Bill "a fair and just principle was tied to a very bad case"; which must be taken to mean that, as the principle was applied by the Bill to property in the neighbourhood of the proposed improvement-works, its faults were



allowed to come out much too glaringly. The admission is just. They certainly did so; and, what is more, the London County Council may be sure of this, that they will never squeeze much money out of the betterments of their Bill (especially as "detriments" must not be excluded from consideration) unless they proceed to ridiculously harsh, unjust, and arbitrary exactions. If they must raise money out of betterments, they should extend the principle, instead of confining it to a group of houseowners and ground-landlords. It certainly applies to others just as much as to them; it is, indeed, almost absurd to apply it to them and not to these others. Take the omnibus and cab companies, for example. It has already been pointed out that if the main thoroughfares are crowded with vehicular traffic, the crush is largely due to the enormous number of omnibuses and cabs with which they are thronged. Nothing is easier than to argue, in the first place, that the proprietors of these vehicles are responsible more than any other persons for the necessity of widening the streets; and, in the next, that their pockets are directly benefited by all such costly works as the Strand Improvement Bill proposed to carry out. Betterment in increased facility for taking up and setting down passengers; betterment in unimpeded traffic, which is saving of time and of horseflesh too, for the jar of pulling up and urging on again at every few yards racks the overloaded omnibus-horse terribly. What betterment can be more direct than this, and what more fitting for taxation if the principle is to be applied at all! True, there may be much less satisfaction of the Democratic Idea in taxing the vehicle of the poor than in filching from the landlord's cash-box; but then there can be little difficulty in showing that here, too, "unearned increment" flows into the coffers of the capitalist. The hint may really be of service to the Council. In the more softened and chastened mood which we rejoice to observe in that body, they may not be disinclined to welcome a suggestion that may be carried much further—even so far as to embrace the evidently thriving person who keeps an apple-stall at the north-east corner of Holywell Street, in the very heart of the "improvement"; with the result that their fair and just principle will take a more liberal, impartial sweep, and bring in a fuller harvest of cash.

#### HOUNDING HIM OFF.

MR. ARTHUR LABOUCHERE seems ambitious of reminding a degenerate age what Squire WESTERN would be like if he were still among us. For this attempt he has been fined a hundred pounds, and, in the circumstances, the outraged majesty of the law is not too hardly satisfied. But process-servers, unless they are a very daring race, will not be eager to visit Hooton Levett Hall after the sad experiences of JOHN THOMAS BEALE. Mr. BEALE pursues the peaceful vocation of a solicitor's clerk, and the fate of ACTÆON is not among the recognized risks of that highly respectable calling. He visited the recesses of Hooton Levett, not for the purpose of spying out hidden beauties of more than mortal lustre, but with the prosaic and mundane object of serving the owner with a writ, "under the seal and out of the Sheffield District Registry of the Queen's Bench Division." He timed his call, however, rather badly; for he happened to arrive at the hour which Mr. ARTHUR LABOUCHERE usually devotes to feeding his hounds. Now personal service is not an agreeable thing, either for the person who makes it or for the person who receives it. But Mr. BEALE's suspicions, if he had any, were effectually dissipated by the civility of his welcome. "If you wish to speak to me," said the courteous squire, "will you come this way?" So Mr. BEALE went that way, and the stable-boy obligingly opened the gate for him. Thereupon Mr. LABOUCHERE inquired whether his visitor's "business was re 'BELL'—that being the name of the plaintiff in the action. On receiving an affirmative reply, and being confronted with the writ, Mr. LABOUCHERE unexpectedly exclaimed:—"I'll teach you, sir; at him, hounds, at him!" It speaks volumes for Mr. BEALE's truthfulness and accuracy that he did not in his affidavit improve this pressing exhortation into "Eat him, hounds, eat him!" as he might so easily have done. For the unfortunate man was certainly placed in a very embarrassing position; and, for aught he knew to the contrary, being probably unacquainted with the manners of foxhounds, his last hour might have come. The door of the kennel-house was thrown open, and the solicitor's clerk was immediately

surrounded by a yelping pack. In the end they did him no harm, except to frighten him. But he hurt his back, and had to beat a hasty retreat; and it is not surprising to hear that he has since suffered from nervous prostration.

Mr. ARTHUR LABOUCHERE, instead of apologizing to the Court, and offering what reparation he could to Mr. BEALE, contradicted his victim's narrative, and proceeded to tell a still more remarkable story of his own. According to this story, he had no idea of what Mr. BEALE wanted, and did not try to make him enter the yard. On the contrary, he thought it was somebody who wanted to see him about the business of the estate, and Mr. BEALE persisted in forcing himself upon the notice of the hounds. "JOHN THOMAS BEALE," it seems, "came through the door into 'the same yard without any invitation or suggestion by 'me, and entirely voluntarily on his part, and, on his 'entering through the gate, I called to the said HARRY NEWSOME to shut it, so as to keep the hounds in, and 'then the said JOHN THOMAS BEALE, without even 'telling me what his business was, came towards 'me, holding a paper in his hand, and the hounds 'began fawning on him, and jumping about in a playful and friendly manner, and evidently thinking the 'paper was something to eat. They did not attempt to 'bite him or his clothes, and I did what I could to whip 'them down.' That the hounds behaved a good deal better than their master appears to be perfectly true, and indeed they leave the Court without a stain upon their character. The friendliness of the dogs is a happy touch, and very likely a faithful one. But in attributing to them the belief that a writ of the High Court is edible Mr. LABOUCHERE underrated their intelligence and that of the judges. Mr. Justice DENMAN roundly remarked "that they were not 'such idiots," and, indeed, it is painfully clear that Mr. LABOUCHERE cannot have searched the Correspondence columns of an esteemed contemporary for proofs of canine intelligence. If he had, he must have discovered that foxhounds, if they cannot exactly read, like Mr. JINGLE's animal, are at least acquainted with the aspect of legal documents, and will not touch them for fear of incurring the penalties of contempt. Mr. LABOUCHERE invited two judges, who must have some knowledge of the world, to believe that the only person to blame was "the said JOHN THOMAS BEALE," whose ignorant impatience of a country gentleman's pursuits prevented him from tarrying Mr. LABOUCHERE'S leisure. The judges did not believe this version of the facts, and indeed they would have been what Mr. Justice DENMAN called the hounds if they had. It might as well have been argued that the Irish tithe-proctor thought the writ was something to eat because under stress of circumstances he did actually eat it.

#### THE LESSONS OF THE BARROW ELECTION.

THERE are several ways in which the result of the contest at Barrow-in-Furness may be reasonably contemplated, and one aspect only in which it is ridiculous to regard it. Need we say that the latter is the view taken of it by the Gladstonian press? The one thing which it cannot without gross absurdity be made to do duty for is an "astounding" triumph for the cause of Home Rule, in which character, however, it figured the other day through an entire fit of hysterics of nearly a column long in the *Daily News*. Now you may say of the Barrow election, if you please, that it is satisfactory as having read a valuable lesson to Mr. CAINE and others like Mr. CAINE; or you may say that it is unsatisfactory as showing that the Mr. CAINES of our day have much more reason for the faith that is in them with regard to the popularity and influence of their fads than is at all desirable; or you may say that it is instructive and salutary, as warning shaky Liberal-Unionists of the sort of Gladstonian reception they are likely to meet with in the character of returning prodigals; or, lastly—and this is the utmost that can be got out of it for the encouragement of the winning party—you may admit that it possibly indicates a greater readiness on the part of Home Rulers than of Unionists in Barrow to subordinate minor political questions to the great issue of the day. You may make any one of these four observations, or three out of the four, at the same time; but you cannot—no, you cannot—without making yourself look extremely foolish, represent an election in which the Gladstonians polled only 112 more votes than at the general election of

1886 (and 180 less than they did at the bye-election of that year, when the GLADSTONE-PARNELL compact was already before the world) as a magnificent victory for the cause of Home Rule. One might have thought that the very sight of the three candidates' figures—the lowest of them accounting for a respectable proportion of the total poll—would have warned the Gladstonian commentator off a line of argument which could only lead to the ludicrous. Out of a total poll of 5,136, Mr. DUNCAN (Gladstonian) obtained 1,994, Mr. WAINWRIGHT (Conservative) 1,862, Mr. CAINE (Cainite) 1,280. In other words, among the 5,136 electors of Barrow who have taken the trouble to record any vote at all, there are 1,994 who are in favour of repealing the Union and confiscating the property of publicans; 1,862 who are in favour of maintaining the Union and compensating publicans on expropriation; and 1,280 who are either so anxious to confiscate the property of publicans, or to assist a particular man to confiscate it, that if they can achieve this object they do not care whether the Union is repealed or not. Surely—surely, then, our Gladstonian friends must see on reflection the extreme fatuity of attempting to make out that the result of this triangular duel indicates an "astounding" accession to the cause of Repeal.

Of course the artless little stratagem by which they hope to get this idea into the more muddled variety of Gladstonian head was easy enough of device. If 1,994 be added to 1,280, the total is 3,274; and it is therefore only necessary to treat all Mr. CAINE's voters as Home Rule converts who have come over from the Unionist majority of 1886 in order to get together a nice little majority of 1,412 for the Separatist party in the constituency. Why these 1,280 should have gone over to Mr. CAINE, and not to Mr. DUNCAN, if Irish politics have anything to do with their change of colours, the ingenious analyst omits to explain, in well-founded confidence probably that the class of persons whom ingenious analysts have at their mercy are not very likely to inquire. But, of course, if ingenious analysis (which is essentially a game for two) were worth playing at all, there is a *facile retorqueri potest* ready to hand. Deduct Mr. CAINE's 1,280 exclusively from the Unionist vote of 3,212 in 1886, and account for it exclusively as an expression of personal sympathy with Mr. CAINE, as a peculiarly honoured representative of the cause of confiscation; then restore it, as on that hypothesis we are entitled to do, so far as the contest turned on the question of the Union, to Mr. WAINWRIGHT's poll, and we triumphantly carry our candidate and defeat Mr. DUNCAN by the crushing majority of 1,148. These, however, are "toys," as BACON observes; and we are certainly not going to assume in seriousness that every one of Mr. CAINE's twelve hundred and odd voters was a Unionist of 1886, but a Unionist of so contemptibly weak a description that he now subordinates his loyalty to the cause for which he then voted to his zeal for the promotion of a fanatical crotchet. We prefer to believe that some at least of those twelve hundred and odd voters were drawn away from the Gladstonian camp in 1886, and consist of men who are more anxious to confiscate the property of publicans than even to overthrow the Union. At the same time this has to be admitted, that many Gladstonians who thus ridiculously reverse the order of importance of these two political objects might have been induced to vote for Mr. DUNCAN, who promises both to dismember and to confiscate; whereas a so-called Unionist who puts confiscation before the maintenance of the Union would be precluded by that preference from voting for Mr. WAINWRIGHT.

On the whole, then, the Barrow election, regarded from the point of view of reasonable criticism, must be admitted to establish one or two distinctly disagreeable conclusions. What it shows in the first place is, that something not far short of twenty-five per cent. of the electors voting were ready to support a candidate who has rendered himself absolutely "impossible" to both parties alike on the most important political question that has arisen within the last half-century, to go no further back; and that they were prepared so to support him for no better reason than that, on a question of purely social concern, the right of legislative interference with which is of an extremely limited character, their favoured candidate had taken the lead in a fanatical crusade, carried on in defiance of the plainest principles of justice and public policy, against a body of traders whom his own leader has, more powerfully than any other prominent politician, encouraged

to invest their capital in the threatened industry. Nor is there any use in disguising the fact that those persons by whom this deplorable spirit has been displayed belong, or must be assumed to belong, in the majority of instances, to that party which is especially pledged by its principles and traditions to take broader and higher views of the duty of the citizen. Reluctant as we are to destroy the arithmetical hypotheses upon which the effusive self-congratulations of the Gladstonians are based, we fear it is but too certain that Mr. CAINE must have drawn the larger number of his votes from the Conservative side. A Liberal-Unionist converted to Gladstonian Home Rule would naturally have voted for Mr. DUNCAN. So in much the majority of cases would a Liberal-Unionist Lawsonite, who preferred Lawsonism to the Union. For Sir WILFRID himself had gone in heart and soul for Mr. DUNCAN, greatly to Canon WILBERFORCE's indignation; and, indeed, the whole action of the Gladstonian party, and not of the Temperance section alone, has committed them as deeply as Mr. CAINE himself to the policy of confiscation. Hence we are shut up in measureless discontent that Mr. CAINE's supporters must have consisted principally of so-called "Conservative teetotallers," who were bent on giving a vote in favour of their fad, and who, if they had any qualms of political conscience, in any proper sense of the word "political," most probably allayed them by assuring themselves that Mr. CAINE was not exactly a Gladstonian Home Ruler—at least not yet. The chances, however, are only too great that they were troubled by no searchings of heart on the subject, but were deliberately prepared to return a candidate who, as they knew from his own declarations, would henceforth give no support to the cause of the Union as they understand it. And that a constituency like Barrow should number so many electors of this description is undoubtedly a discouraging, almost a portentous, sign of the times. Our consolation must be sought, we suppose, in the fact that their number, under the circumstances, is not greater even than it is. If wretched faddists of this description—men far more unfit to be entrusted with the franchise than the most ignorant of the peasants who obtained it five years ago—do so abound in Barrow, we ought, perhaps, to congratulate ourselves that they did not muster in sufficient strength to carry the election for Mr. CAINE. And that would have been a calamity indeed. The country has at least been spared the humiliation of seeing a positive premium placed by a fairly important constituency on the fatuous display of the most contemptible and mischievous of those qualities with which provincial and puritanical vestrydom has done so much of late years to degrade the ideals and to vulgarize the temper of the House of Commons. Mr. CAINE's return would have been an encouragement to every bumptious mediocrity in England to push his way to a field in which he and his like could have been shown a new method of advertising themselves with effect. His rejection diminishes by one a class of politicians of whom we cannot possibly have too few.

#### COLONIAL EXTREMES.

OUR two colonies which are furthest apart, alike in place and in age, are both at this moment illustrating, in different ways, the difficulty of governing the British Empire. Newfoundland—the oldest of them all—is learning what inconvenience there may be at times in belonging to a Monarchy which is very ancient, has had many and varied relations with its neighbours, has seen many fortunes, and, though it has been amazingly successful in the main, has not always been governed with entire wisdom and foresight. One result of forming part of such a State is that you are inevitably bound and burdened by the past. It may happen to the colony to have to suffer for the mistakes of the mother-country, and for the mother-country to find herself responsible for the doings of the colony. In Western Australia, again—which, we suppose, remains the youngest colony, the territories of the African Companies being Dominions—we are learning that we are bound by our own policy in the past to accept, with the best grace we can, what we feel to be a somewhat disagreeable necessity. The chronic Newfoundland dispute has not progressed further, though the pamphlet published by the colonial delegates and the Blue-book of the Foreign Office have added to the evidence available for proving



how complicated it is. The arrival of the Newfoundland Premier is perhaps a sign that we have got at last to the making of a serious effort to secure a settlement. It is a hopeful sign that he, speaking, we conclude, in the name of the colonial legislature, seems inclined to do his best to persuade us that the anger in Newfoundland is less than it has been said to be, more especially by our candid friends in New York. Seeing with whom we have to negotiate, this moderation may be in vain; but it is at least certain that no settlement is possible unless the colonists do frankly recognize the fact that, do what they please, they cannot get rid of the encumbrances they have inherited with the rest of their estate, except by paying them off. It is disagreeable, no doubt, to be burdened with a mortgage, but there it is.

The Western Australia difficulty is of another kind. There we have been met with a demand from a handful of English and Scotch settlers, occupying a vast territory, to be allowed to exercise over it all powers which are less than sovereign only in name. It is not wholly pleasant to have to accede to the request. Some delay and opposition was natural; for, with the guidance afforded by much recent colonial legislation, we may well hesitate to hand over a vast territory, which might fairly be reserved for the general good of the Empire, to a small community which may very possibly regulate its conduct by a strict regard for its own narrow interests narrowly understood. The danger is possible; but, if it were certain, could it be avoided? We very much doubt whether it could. It is now so long since we have recognized the right of free-born Englishmen to self-government, and we have so thoroughly accepted the principle that these rights entitle every community of the QUEEN'S subjects which can show that it occupies a definable territory to possess an elective Chamber with wide legislative powers, that we cannot now refuse to admit what we have always admitted before. The facts that the community is small and the territory great do not affect the principle. All colonial communities begin by being a handful in a vast territory. There was, therefore, nothing for it but to accede to the request of the Western Australians. Besides, the question was not purely one between us and them. To no small extent it interests all the Australian colonies alike. They are all jealous of the retention by the mother-country of direct control over any portion of their continent. The feeling is not a pleasant one to think of, and must cause shrewd twinges of doubt to the good people who believe in Imperial Federation, if they do ever wander from the contemplation of their hazy ideal to a cool estimate of facts. There it is, however, and it must be taken into account. The inquiry whether the mother-country has not thrown up the reins too soon and too completely for the good either of herself or her colonies is a purely academic one. The done is done, and cannot be undone. It must be accepted, with all its consequences. One of these is that, when a community of about the size of a small country town insists on being supplied, not only with all the apparatus of representative government, but with the right to exercise power over a country capable of holding millions, there is no ground of principle on which it can be denied its wish. The grant of a Constitution to Western Australia was, therefore, a matter of course, as soon as the Constitution was asked for. The opposition which the Bill has met in the House of Commons was equally futile and undignified. We do not know that it was the more respectable because the motive was rather a desire to embarrass the Ministry than to keep the colonists waiting.

#### THE STATE OF PUBLIC BUSINESS.

IT is certainly to be regretted that the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY should have disappointed the House of Commons by the statement with respect to public business which was expected from him last Thursday night. Doubtless there was plausible reason for deferring it; but this is not exactly the time when Ministers can afford to rely on merely plausible reasons—which usually have a less presentable side to them easily to be exhibited by a malicious adversary—for any dilatory action which they may find it necessary to take on a question of Parliamentary management. If from the first it was intended that Mr. SMITH'S statement should be withheld until the Select Committee on Procedure had reported, and the Government had had

an opportunity of considering their recommendations, it would have been better to say so from the first. Pleas which may be good enough if pleaded at the proper time are apt to spoil by keeping; and a genuine desire to give a businesslike completeness to a business statement is so laudable a motive that there was all the more ground for protecting it against being confounded with a mere excuse for delay. As much as this would have to be said if Mr. SMITH'S explanation of the postponement of his statement were, on the face of it, adequate; but we are afraid that it can hardly be so regarded. For how do matters stand? The Licensing clauses of the Local Taxation Bill having been abandoned, there remain two measures upon the passing of which during the present Session the credit of the Government was understood to be staked. It is admitted that with regard to one of them—the more important—this feat has already become impossible. The Land Purchase Bill could not be added to the statutes of the present year of HER MAJESTY unless the Session were to be prolonged far into the autumn, or Parliament were to be reassembled at Westminster for another six weeks' work before Christmas. If power cannot be taken to suspend it, it will have to be dropped; and it is in order to acquire such power that the Government have formulated the proposal which the Select Committee are now considering. Their deliberations, however, have or need have no bearing on the fate of the Tithes Bill. The impossibility of passing that measure in the present Session by the ordinary methods has never yet been admitted by the Government; and, that being so, there is no sufficient reason why a Ministerial statement with regard to the future of that and other measures should not have been made on Thursday last. By delaying it until after the Report of the Select Committee, Ministers have undoubtedly created the impression that the future of the Tithes Bill depends, equally with that of the Land Purchase Bill, upon the success or failure of the attempt of the Government to obtain their new Parliamentary power. The assumption will now be that, if they get this power, they will use it to hang up both of the two Bills in question; and that it is only on their failure to obtain this power that they will make any serious attempt to pass the Tithes Bill.

But is the former of these two courses an eligible, and is the latter a practical, one? Should the Government be content to suspend the Tithes Bill if Parliament enables them to do so; and to wind up the Session without having realized even one of the more important undertakings of their legislative programme? We cannot think so. We cannot think that Ministers would be wise in incurring the loss of public credit to which such a confession of inability to contend against the Parliamentary forces opposed to them would amount. And in this connexion the suspension of the Tithes Bill would, from one point of view, be more damaging to them than the actual abandonment of any other of their measures. For they have put forward the Tithes Bill as being a measure necessary to the preservation of the public peace, as it certainly is a measure due in common justice to an unfortunate class of persons who find themselves denied the much-needed payment of a just debt for the enforcement of which they have no sufficient social or legal support behind them. To assent to the postponement for another winter of this necessary measure of relief, and to do so deliberately towards the close of a Session which has been taken up by no other large or intricate legislative measure, would assuredly be the acceptance on the part of Ministers of a rather dangerous amount of humiliation. That they have not yet brought themselves to the point of submitting to it is to be inferred from Mr. SMITH'S reply the other night to Mr. STANLEY LEIGHTON. We trust that they will not be too ready to listen to the eccentric adviser who, presumably desirous of putting heart into them, endeavours to do so by repeated assurances that they have "not now the moral force behind them" which would enable them to carry the measure in question. It is, perhaps, natural that the *Times*, after having so prematurely declared for a reconstruction of the Ministry, should be anxious to persuade itself and its readers that a Government which has shown no intention of reconstructing itself must be powerless; but this is rather an excuse than a justification of such systematic attempts at discouragement. Exhortations to "make an effort" may, of course, be pushed to absurdity; but we are not aware that any good can come of assuring a patient

who is anxious and feels able to make an effort that it is useless his attempting to rouse himself. There is a reverse order of advice which is no less ridiculous, and may be more practically mischievous, than the counsels of Mrs. CHICK.

Assuming, however, that Ministers are not yet at the point of despair which has been reached by their melancholy adviser—assuming, in other words, that Mr. SMITH meant what he said the other night, when he avowed to Mr. LEIGHTON his hope of passing the Tithes Bill this Session—it becomes decidedly difficult to understand the Ministerial line of tactics. Ministers intend, it seems, to take the Irish Estimates the whole of next week, and (apparently) to bring forward their proposals with reference to procedure—always supposing that the report has been presented and they are agreed upon their course of action—at some later date. That would be an excellent arrangement if an excuse were desired for announcing to the House that, as the end of July was approaching, it had become too late to proceed with the Tithes Bill. But, on the opposite hypothesis, the idea of postponing the statement with respect to public business to so late a date seems a less promising one. It may be that the postponement is due to the fear that any announcement of a definitive intention to proceed with the Tithes Bill would encourage Obstruction on the Irish Estimates. Surely, however, it is notorious that a suspicion that the Ministerial resolves are in suspense with respect to persevering with a particular Bill is the most potent stimulant to Obstructive Opposition that exists, while the supporters of a Government in a state of “suspended determination” will necessarily confront the Obstructionists much less resolutely than a party whose leaders have made up, and are known to have made up, their minds. It is pretty certain that, if Ministers are still bent on making a serious attempt to pass the Tithes Bill, they gain nothing by keeping their resolve to themselves, and have probably lost something by not putting the Bill first on the Orders for Monday next and taking a week of Committee on it before proceeding with the Irish Estimates. They would then at least have made it clear that, whatever the Select Committee may recommend as to the suspension of “partly-considered” measures, they do not mean to take advantage of any suspensory power for the purpose of delaying the much-needed revision of the law relating to the collection of tithes.

It was the more desirable to take this course because it has become increasingly apparent that the appointment of the Select Committee is not fulfilling the somewhat sanguine hopes of those who expected from it an abridgment of Parliamentary controversy. Not only have its proceedings and votes been hitherto, so far as is known, of a strictly party character, but, what is even more ominous for the future, the leader of the Opposition itself has taken the lead in resistance to the Ministerial proposal. Mr. GLADSTONE is understood to have moved an amendment declaring that, in the opinion of the Committee, “there is no necessity for dealing with the matter,” and marshalling the objections taken by high Parliamentary authorities against the proposed change. There is no reason in the world to doubt that, in common probably with everybody in the House of Commons who has been, or is likely to be, a member of a Government, Mr. GLADSTONE personally approves of it; but this, of course, would not give him a moment's scruple in opposing it or any other proposal which would promote the true interests of Parliament or the country, if he thought his adversaries were likely to suck thereout the smallest party advantage. His attitude, however, whatever its moral aspect, is politically decisive. It will determine that of his party, and is like to ensure a long and acrimonious debate on the Ministerial proposal. All this means a still further delay of Mr. SMITH's statement.

#### LINKS NOT MISSING.

VIII.

NORTH BERWICK, LUFFNESS, GULLANE.

OF course, the ideal golfer has no eye for the beautiful world into which he was born to golf; his glance is fixed upon the ball. He has no ear for the sweet sounds of nature, or rain would have none; they are distractions. To him the breath of summer, be it never so scent-laden, is a natural force, causing a not always calculable deviation of the projectile from its normal path. To him the skylarks, singing at Heaven's gate, are but an inconvenient “gallery,” unversed in that primal law—silence on

the stroke. To him—but men, as it happens, are not all ideal golfers, though some are almost ideally bad, and quite ideally, or perhaps one should say, idiotically enthusiastic. The average man, even though his occupation be golf, may be excused for loving a lovely place. And never yet, we think, were eighteen small round holes excavated on a fairer green than North Berwick. The whole northern side is girt by a blue sea murmuring on a yellow beach; but, naturally, there are times when, to one toiling with the ineffectual niblick, a beach becomes un-beautiful. Over the water lies the coast of Fife, far enough away to seem fairer than it is; out of the water rise rocky islets, the Lamb and Fidra, and the great Bass Rock, with its myriad gannets. The links are closed at the east end by the town, with a picturesque fishing harbour. When there is a nasty cross wind, and the match is gone beyond redemption, it is often soothing to watch the brown-sailed boats deftly making for the narrow gate of the little haven. *Suave mari magno*, &c.; but, doubtless, the heart of the fisherboy is lighter than the golfer's.

However, we admit that it is not enough to be beautiful; one must be good. Now, North Berwick is not only beautiful and rather good, but it is very fascinating and seductive. It is not, certainly, an arena which one would choose for a contest between rival champions; it is too small, so small that there is practically no “play through the green” at all, and that exquisite mixture of strength and accuracy which makes the really great driver is almost wasted here. It is a fact, and a somewhat remarkable one, that no second-class man is quite the equal of a first-class player at any point of the game, except very occasionally on the putting-green. There is one species of second-class golfer who would be first-rate but for his mistakes. There is another—a large one—of golfers who are obviously inferior in power to the great ones of the earth; but in our experience they are also invariably a little inferior at all points, a little less long in the drive, a little less dexterous in the difficult lie, and a little less accurate in the approach. If a second-class player could be found who was inferior in strength only, and actually superior in accuracy, he could defeat at North Berwick performers in whose track he would struggle in vain on one of the larger greens. There are no less than eight of the eighteen holes which are within distance of the tee, and the majority of them are iron shots; and even the two long holes are Tritons solely by reason of the minnows. But there is fair compensation in the nature of the golf. Almost every shot is a sporting one, and most of the hazards are fair. All the obstacles in nature occur here. Salt water and fresh claim their prey in turns. You may be swallowed up in a wood, or buried in sand, or lost in bents, or unplayable among rocks, or jammed under walls; and at the High Bent hole, on a windy day, any one of these adventures is exceedingly feasible. The North Berwick golfer knows quite as well as Horace *quid albus peccet Iapyx*, and the stranger, man or maid (for there are golfing Galateas in the summer-time), will not be long in finding these matters out. You may not follow your ball and play it, if you have sent it beyond the southern boundary; but you may follow it and find it, if you can. There is, however, a house with a garden, St. Anne's; and thereto you may not go; and, according to the known laws which govern the flight of gutta-percha projectiles, it is always at this point that the beautiful little sphere (a new one, for in such circumstances you have always topped your ball at the previous hole and cut it) sails triumphantly away to the paradise of golf balls, never more to be flogged by you again. It is rumoured that a handsome royalty has been offered for the right to work the gutta-percha deposits of St. Anne's, but that the owner prefers his flowers.

The first hole affords a most sporting second shot on to a high rock-bound green sloping at a dangerous angle to the sea; pray for a good lie off the tee, for they are not all good, and no kind of scuffle is likely to reach that green. The second is one of the longer holes, and the flag is guarded by a double line of hazards, road and dry ditch; a really long driver may carry everything in his second, especially if there is an air from the east, but he had better play short than get caught. The third is a drive over a ditch, and an iron shot on to a narrow plateau, off which it is all too easy to roll. From this point follow five short holes in succession; the first a full drive, the others iron shots of varying lengths. This is the most typical part of the outward course; nowhere are holes more easily lost or won, and a succession of halves is not the rule. Twos and threes are so easy to do, and fours so much easier; even a very moderate player has done three successive twos. This is at once the weakness and the strength of the links; it is very interesting and amusing, but it is not exactly golf; there is too much luck about it, and over and over again one sees the worse shot prove the better, which is never pleasing to both the players.

After emerging from the Shipka Pass, the narrowest and most dangerous part of the green, where many a promising babe is lost in the woods, there are five rather plain holes in the field beyond, ending in a neat loft over yet another wall on to the green of the twelfth or Pit Hole. Then three short holes—the High Bent, a leap in the dark for a stranger; Perfection, so called because it leaves much to be desired; and the Redan, well named, well fortified, and as good a short hole as may be found anywhere. The Gate Hole, on a small plateau protected by a ditch, offers a difficult, rather sluky approach. Point Garry is a long, hazardous hole, with a good deal of luck in it and a putting-green too steep for any one's taste, but far too steep for men with nerves in their bodies and money on their match. Last of all, a drive “into



crowds of children and nursemaids" (it is useless to cry "Fore!"), an iron shot pitched or run, and two putts should bring you to the bottom of the last hole and to the doors of the New Club.

A few figures will illustrate the typical quality of the links. Sayers and Grant, in their record of 67, did the ten holes out in these figures—4, 5, 3, 4, 3, 4, 3, 2, 4, 4—36; but Mr. Laidlay has done these ten holes in the extraordinary score, 3, 3, 3, 2, 3, 4, 3, 3, 4, 5—33. When it is remembered that 74 to 76 is an excellent first-class score, it will be seen what possibilities there are on North Berwick.

A subtle question for the disputant on law occurred at the Low Bent hole. It is held that, except under special rules, a ball "not gathered" must be treated as a lost ball. One of two adversaries held his putt. "Take the ball out," said the foe, but the ball was not there. Whether some god had done it, or the hole had tapped a gigantic rabbit-burrow, we know not; but deeper than any plummet in the possession of the party could sound that ball was buried in the bowels of the earth. Was it lost or not?

Within a few miles of North Berwick there are two good greens, Luffness and Gullane. They will never become very famous, for the turf, though good, is too light to bear the amount of ill usage which a links must endure to earn fame. Luffness, however, is fortunately a private green, and to the members of the club and their friends it affords excellent golf of a higher stamp than that of North Berwick, but without the delightful surroundings. For it is a somewhat dismal place, flat for the most part, and with turf of a peculiar inky hue, as though the shadow of defeat brooded over the game. It is at its best before the grass begins to grow; but it plays better than either Musselburgh or North Berwick in the summer-time, when one, to speak abusively, is a stone, and the other a hayfield. There is a fair number of hazards, and there are some well-protected holes, and it is a green which rather flatters the mashie and lofting-iron; but too many of these hazards are ditches which may let the worse shot hop over and swallow up the better. The putting-greens are irregular, very good when at their best; and the rabbit-holes flanking the course are even more numerous than the balls which they have devoured.

Gullane, which borders on Luffness, is a public green, and inferior in merit. On the other hand, it is a much prettier scene; indeed, the walk round is a very pleasant one, and it is justly famous for the quality of its putting-greens. By the artifice of man it might be greatly improved; but too much golf will ruin it. East Lothian turf is thin, wherever it is true sea grass.

On the whole, the resident at North Berwick, with three different links in his district, is exceedingly fortunate among golfers if he knew his own advantage; though, no doubt, he will perversely sigh after other greens, from St. Andrews to Westward Ho! But when was any man contented with his lot? If he is contented with his play he will be exceptionally happy.

#### THE KNIFE-BAYONET AND THE MOUNTED SOLDIER.

WE are afraid that Mulvaney, "once corporal, but reduced," and his friends, who lately combined in a protest against the new bayonet, addressed to the editor of the *St. James's Gazette*, will not be inclined to think the better of it by Captain A. Hutton's article on its use in the *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine* for this month. For the rest, we do not gather that the bayonet inspires much admiration in Captain Hutton, and for our part we heartily agree with the Captain and with Mulvaney. The instrument is chiefly interesting as an outward and visible sign of what works in the mind of the War Office. We hear, and are always hearing, of the need there is for organization, for change of system, for this and for that of the utmost importance in the British army. Nothing comes of it all; till suddenly Her Majesty's Guards make their appearance before the startled pékin carrying a thing which looks rather clumsy for a hunting knife, and not well proportioned for a carving knife, at the end of their rifles. Why there should be this change we have never been told. What was the fault of the old bayonet? If it had to be changed, what is the advantage of replacing it by a weapon about the size of an American sailor's sheath knife—a weapon capable of stabbing you, no doubt, of cutting up salt junk or inch-and-a-half, but of no use for clearing away brushwood or serious work of any kind. If the War Office could not sleep till it had supplied the army with an edged weapon, it would, we venture to suggest to the official gentlemen, have been better to have taken the Spanish machete at once. It is used by the Spanish artillery, and, although not perfect, is of a decent length, and both broad enough and heavy enough to be useful as a bill.

However, we have got our sheath-knife bayonet, and the thing to do now is to see what use we can make of it. Captain Hutton proposes that the British soldier should recognize the fact that he has to fight with a knife, and learn to use it in an artistic manner. The weapon is not one favoured by the manly English spirit of which we used to be taught to be proud; but since the War Office, in the plenitude of its wisdom, has chosen to adopt it, there is something to be said for learning to use it. Captain Hutton has gone to the best authorities, and has sought wisdom from the Spaniards, to whom the use of the knife is familiar, and has consulted the treatise of one M. d. R., who has compiled a vademecum for the stabber, under the name of *El Manual del Baratero*.

Captain Hutton, perhaps wishing to spare the feelings of the British soldier, does not tell him that the Baratero whom he is to copy is, when turned from Castilian to English, simply the bully who hangs about gambling shops, and extorts money from timid gamblers. He is a ruffian, commonly in every sense of the word. It would seem, therefore, that even in its native land the use of the knife is associated with the lowest of the low. Such as the science is, Captain Hutton explains it, and shows the student what is the floritazo, what the cambio, what the jiro, and contra-jiro; how to guard oneself, and how to put the utmost available number of inches of cold steel into the person of one's enemy. The text is illustrated by delightful drawings, in which whiskered gentlemen, faintly resembling the illustrious T. P. Cooke in a nautical part, are seen poking knives into one another with an air of languid politeness. The sonorous Spanish words we have quoted to whet the appetite will be found duly explained. It is all very ingenious, and we dare say may be useful to Tommy Atkins if ever he is caught straggling in the bush. We have our doubts none the less whether it will or can be of much use. The worst of the knife is, as Captain Hutton will know if he has seen two Spaniards fighting, that it requires a goodish number of square feet of open space all round if it is to be used with finish. Now, open space all round is just what Thomas Atkins cannot get, as a rule, when he is near enough to use a bayonet at all. We have a shrewd notion, too, that if his bayonet is too short, the soldier is more likely to take his rifle by the barrel, and make play with the butt, than to use his bayonet as a dagger.

As it is the privilege of every "symposium" to be completely inconclusive, we need not complain that the particular symposium on "The Best Mounted Arm for the Volunteers" to be found in this month's *United Service Magazine* concludes nothing. It only proves that mounted riflemen, cyclists, and Yeomanry have each their eloquent partisan in the persons respectively of Lord Melgund, Captain Eustace Balfour, and Major W. A. Baillie Hamilton. Of the three, Lord Melgund would seem to be the most enthusiastically devoted to his own doxy; for, whereas the other two are content to live and let live, he can barely endure the cyclist, and would like to improve the Yeomanry off the face of the country by translating them as speedily as may be, and with the least possible regard for their feelings, into mounted riflemen. General Sir Evelyn Wood comes in at the end, sums it all up, agrees with all three in the main, differs from every one in details, and wishes more power to the elbow of mounted riflemen, cyclists, and Yeomanry alike. It is a satisfactory end for the feelings of all three advocates; but, as we have already remarked, it does not carry us much forward. From the nature of things it is, perhaps, not possible to get forward on this road. We know that in some kinds of warfare and in certain kinds of country mounted infantry have proved useful. It has yet to be proved that in regular European warfare they would not again be shown to have the weaknesses which caused every European army to turn its dragoons into cavalry. A force which is half one thing and half another is generally poor in both. The fact that mounted infantry should be coming into use again proves that the lessons of experience in war are very inconclusive, or that they are soon forgotten. As regards the cyclist, we know that, when the roads are in fair order and free from blocks, he can go fast and far; and we know that his steed costs little to buy, nothing to train, and almost nothing to keep. What we do not know, however, is whether in war cavalry could not do all the "wheelmen" could do well enough for the purpose, and do something the cyclist could not do. In that case the advantage would lie with the cavalry. Superfluous speed and travelling power are of little or no value. As regards the Yeomanry, it is a fact, which has been known from the beginning, that cavalry require more drilling than infantry; and it is not to be denied that horsemen who are only collected for a few weeks at a time can hardly get sufficient training for man and beast. Therefore the Yeomanry must needs suffer from serious loss, given the necessary conditions of their existence, unavoidable defects. At the end of a survey of the "symposium" we too come to a somewhat inconclusive result. If we might offer our advice to gentlemen who take part in these discussions, we should suggest that they should begin by inquiring what kind of war an invasion of England would be. To us it seems that it would certainly be a war fought in a corner by forces crowded against one another from the first—a war, in fact, in which there would be comparatively little need for scouting work of the wide-ranging order. In the meantime thinking and practising can do no harm. When it comes to the test we shall find what is mere *chinoiserie* in our own preparations, and drop it if we are wise. The fruit of the training, however, will remain. We can, besides, indulge in a little *chinoiserie* safely if the essential things, which are the drill and organization of the infantry and artillery, are only properly attended to. But will they be?

#### THE RISE OF THE BANK RATE.

LAST week the Directors of the Bank of England raised their rate of discount from 3 to 4 per cent. The change was not generally expected; but events have since proved that it was well advised. As we lately pointed out, the Bank has for a considerable time past been working with too small a reserve. The reserve more particularly now is entirely inadequate, and there is

serious danger that it may be reduced still more by withdrawals of gold on a large scale for different foreign countries. The strongest demand is likely to be for the Argentine Republic. We have frequently directed the attention of our readers to the crisis through which the Argentine Republic is passing. That the crisis is growing more acute is shown by the fact that this week the National Bank of the Republic has had to suspend the payment of interim dividends. We explain elsewhere what the bank really is, and how grave is the significance of the step just taken. It seems clear, indeed, that the Government must by some means obtain a considerable amount of gold unless there is to be an utter crash. For some time past it has been negotiating with a powerful London and Continental Syndicate for a fresh loan. It is said that at last an agreement has been arrived at by which the Syndicate takes firm 5 millions sterling, and gets an option to take another 5 millions at a price agreed upon. The contract has not been ratified by the Government. But apparently it must be in the end, unless a loan can be raised elsewhere on easier terms. No doubt part of the money is required to pay debts already incurred in London, and to discharge interests falling due. But a considerable amount will doubtless be taken in gold. Gold also will, it is understood, be taken in part payment for the Western Railway of Buenos Ayres, recently sold by the Government of that province to a European Syndicate. And the city of Buenos Ayres is now negotiating for another loan of 4 millions sterling. If it is successful it also will, no doubt, take gold. We have thus the prospect of large withdrawals for the National Government, for the Provincial Government of Buenos Ayres, and for the city of that name. Even at present, gold is going in small amounts every week, and if all these advances are made it will go in much larger amounts before long. Then it seems probable that a good deal of gold will be sent to Paris before long. It is understood that the funding loan of 28 millions sterling will be brought out at the end of this month, or early in August, and it is believed that when it is announced the great French banks which keep considerable balances in London will transfer to Paris a considerable proportion of those balances. Further, gold is going in large amounts to Berlin. The Bourse there has been in a critical state for nearly a year, and has been supported only by the combination of all the German banks. The losses of the speculators are increased by the Argentine crisis, and the German banks, therefore, are anxious to augment their reserves as much as possible. For a month past German speculators have been selling stocks in London in immense amounts, and have been taking payment in gold. Besides, it is to be recollected that German investments in Russia are of great magnitude, and that, consequently, there is always a large debt due from Russia to Germany. But the Imperial Bank of Russia last autumn advanced to two of the greatest London houses a couple of millions sterling. And it is believed that in settlement of the debt due from Russia to Germany part of the money so advanced to London has been transferred to German bankers. If so, the power of the German banks to take gold from London has been largely increased. As a matter of course there will be other demands for Egypt, South Africa, India, and elsewhere. But if all these demands have to be satisfied by the Bank of England its reserve will be dangerously reduced, all the more so because now coin and notes will begin to flow out from London to the provinces, and by-and-bye gold will have to be sent to Ireland and Scotland. It was, therefore, imperatively necessary for the Directors of the Bank of England to attempt to prevent gold withdrawals by making money so valuable here that it would be more profitable to leave gold in London than to send it abroad. And the Directors were encouraged to hope that they might be able to do this by the fact that the rate of discount in the open market had risen to 3½ per cent. before they advanced their own rate, showing that the supply of loanable capital in the outside market was unusually small.

Unfortunately, the action of the Directors has not had much influence upon the outside market. While their own rate has been raised from 3 to 4 per cent., the outside rate has advanced only from 3½ per cent. to about 3¾ per cent. The joint-stock and private banks plead that they are unable to support the Bank of England because of the competition of the great Continental banks with branches and agencies in London. The plea, however, cannot be allowed, for it is clear that the Continental banks have not the means of accommodating their own customers at home and also of supplying the demands of London. If the great banks here would only combine, they would be able to raise the value of money; for it is not to be supposed for a moment that the Continental banks would not accept the best terms they can get. The truth is that our own banks are so jealous of one another that they will not combine, although they know that, by forcing down rates now through an unwise competition, they are making probable such large withdrawals of gold that in the autumn the Bank of England may be compelled to raise its rate of discount to 5 or 6 per cent., or even higher, and may thus check all business. When the Bank of England last week raised its rate of discount from 3 per cent. to 4 per cent. the joint-stock and private banks raised the rate they allow upon deposits only to 2½ per cent. There is thus a difference of 1½ per cent. between what they allow to depositors and what the Bank of England demands from the holders of bills. Consequently, the joint-stock and private banks can freely underbid the Bank of England and yet make a handsome profit. If they wished to support the Bank of

England in its endeavours to protect its reserve they would have raised the rate they allow upon deposits at least to 3 per cent. But they are more anxious to secure business for the moment than to safeguard the public interests. They know that this week considerable sums will be paid from the Bank of England to the outside market. To-day, for example, the interest on the National Debt is due. All through the week, too, large amounts have been paid in interest, and dividends upon Indian, colonial, and foreign securities held here. And further, the banks themselves which were calling in loans at the end of June are lending more freely now. Consequently, the probability is that for a time the supply of loanable capital in the outside market will be larger than it has been for some weeks past. Each of the joint-stock and private banks is anxious to secure for itself as much business as possible, lest its competitors should get a trifling temporary advantage over it; and thus they are unwilling to combine with the Bank of England for the purpose of protecting the reserve of that institution, and preventing by-and-bye a serious disturbance of the market. It is a shortsighted policy; but our object just now is not so much to discuss the management of the joint-stock and private banks as to make clear the real condition of the money market.

As the Bank of England cannot expect assistance from the joint-stock and private banks, it ought to act with energy and promptitude. It is not merely that the gold drain is likely to become dangerously large. There is little probability of getting gold from the countries where it is produced. The amount on the way from Australia is small, none is coming from Russia, and the attempt to obtain it in New York appears to have failed. A comparatively small sum was secured; but so much apprehension was excited in New York that rates rose rapidly and the withdrawals ceased. The Associated Banks of New York have but very small reserves, and the time is close at hand when those reserves will be reduced by the outflow of coin and notes for the South and West. The Treasury of the United States, it is true, holds over sixty millions sterling of gold. But the Treasury is unwilling to part with a single dollar. Only the other day the Secretary of the Treasury consulted his legal advisers to ascertain whether he could not put a premium on the metal to prevent withdrawals. Mr. Windom sees clearly that the proposed silver legislation is likely to lead to very large exports of gold, and ultimately to make silver the only standard in the country. He is resolved to prevent that as far as he can, and therefore he will put every possible obstacle in the way of obtaining gold from the Treasury. But, as the gold-producing countries either will not or cannot part with much of the metal, and as South America and the Continent desire to obtain it in large amounts, London, which is the only free gold market in the world, is in danger of losing more than it can spare. The Bank of England cannot legally refuse gold; but it can make it unprofitable to take it by raising the value of money in this country. The advance in its rate of discount has not yet effected that, and it is not likely to effect it for some time to come. Therefore the Directors ought without delay to borrow from the joint-stock and private banks enough to raise rates in the outside market to the level of its own rate. Probably they would not have to borrow very much, for the experience of the past two or three weeks shows that the supply in the outside market is small. And if they once obtained control of the market they would get so much business that they would soon more than repay themselves for the cost and trouble they had incurred. Since, then, they can perform a great public duty without loss to themselves, it is incumbent upon them to do so at once. If they do not they will certainly have to incur the cost and trouble later on, when the whole business of the country will have been harassed by anxiety and apprehension.

#### THE FLORAL PARADE.

THIS pleasing entertainment was founded last year, not with the trivial purpose of amusing the Royal Botanic Society and its friends, nor of swelling the annual receipts, but, as we were expressly told, with the high aim of introducing to this country a commendable practice of the Sunny South. It may have occurred to some that flowers are conspicuous enough in society here, attending the festive Briton through every scene from christening to burial. Others may have called upon their memory in vain to identify those inhabitants of the Sunny South who habitually put their horses to and load up with half a ton of flowers when they feel cheerful. But reasons and motives are quite superfluous when an action justifies itself. Those who have seen a Floral Parade at the Regent's Park find only one subject of complaint—there is not enough of it. They themselves can remedy the grievance next season by entering the lists; and, meanwhile, very great credit is due to those ladies and gentlemen who kept faith with the public, this year as last, under disheartening conditions. For our famous climate has asserted itself on each occasion in the usual form. It rained last year with few intervals; and this year it poured, with scarcely an interval at all, until the very opening of the show. Yet, though the programme was lengthened, only one competitor failed to report himself. Credit, also, is due to the enthusiastic spectators, who were not innumerable, indeed, but, under the circumstances, a prodigious crowd. They did not wear their best; and if any



decked themselves with flowers as requested, a waterproof concealed the good intention. All braved the wet grass gallantly, and sat many deep in patient expectation—young ladies of the sight at hand, but old ones, we fear, of colds and aches to follow. It is probable that neither were disappointed. The Broad Walk, the Terrace, and the grassy path by which the procession made its entrance were lined with rows and rows of onlookers.

It was not only in a larger programme that the second of these fêtes showed an advance. Some visitors marked with a pang the disappearance of those "exhibits" which had made joyous the rainy hours of waiting last year—the triumphal arches of sticks and twine, with here and there an evergreen and here and there a rose; the maypole, swathed in pink calico, with pendant strings carrying a single flower tied on at twelve-inch distances; the "floral table," supported by wicket sticks for legs, bearing a rack of fern-leaves, with a rose in the middle. Such cheering objects the satirical sought almost in vain. Either the British public has learned that flowers and leaves tied together after the fashion of a mop do not properly make a "decoration," or else the committee of management has been infinitely more rigorous this year. For one reason or the other, outside shows were very few indeed. There was a lawn-tennis net decorated with natural flowers; somewhat humorous, but a deplorable failure in that point of view when compared with the excellent jokes of last year. Regarded from a distance, the formal little groups of blossom and greenery suspended in the netting at intervals just above the ground bore a droll resemblance to the picture of a flower in medieval illuminations—two or three rigid leaves on each side and a rectangular inflorescence in the middle. There was, indeed, one representation quite in the old style—a lawn-tennis court, six feet long, outlined on the turf by a single row of pansies and variegated foliage, with a couple of penny dolls disporting themselves vigorously; but it was hidden away in the tent, and few visitors did it justice. The other outside shows—only two—were pretty. Mrs. White Wallis received a silver medal for a "Barrow" to be used at public ceremonies decorated with orchids," filled with *Cypripedium concolor* set in moss, and outlined with *Cattleya Gaskelliana*, miscellaneous blooms adorning its legs. Those who possess silver-mounted wheelbarrows which they propose to decorate for a public ceremony, would find a hint here. They are not a numerous class, perhaps. Mrs. A. Wallis also took a silver medal for her very graceful design of a hat, muff, and boa fashioned in grey lichen tied with pink riband and pink roses.

At four o'clock the parade opened, Mrs. Bryant's victoria and pair leading the way, but preceded by two constables of the largest diameter. The style of decoration in this carriage represented the stately simplicity which is, perhaps, our British ideal in this line. It was curious to observe how distinctly individual taste was marked in the ornamentation of every vehicle in the more elaborate compositions, loaded though they were with flowers, so that one could class each of them with a single adjective. Mrs. Bryant preferred scarlet and white geraniums and marguerites—an easy contrast, but always impressive. With these, twisted in ropes, her carriage was almost hidden, from front to back. The circumference of the wheels and the axle-box had a dense clothing of scarlet geranium; the spokes of white marguerite. Specially handsome were the splash-guards, closely encircled with garlands of each hue alternately, a foot in diameter at least. Mrs. Bryant received a silver-gilt medal. A fine St. Bernard, with a collar of roses, sitting in front of the two ladies, had his share in the applause, no doubt. Mr. J. Foster chose, as one may say, the elegantly simple style of decoration, with rose-coloured gladioli and white pinks. Most charming it was. To remove any possibility of that insipid effect which pink and white are apt to cause—though, in truth, there was no danger—the wheels had been decked with scarlet geraniums, relieved with white. This carriage took a silver-gilt medal. Mrs. Peters showed massive beauty—a victoria solid and gorgeous in every part, with Gloire de Dijon and crimson roses, a moving bank of flower, which gained the Royal Prize, but does not lend itself to description. Miss Z. M. Woodhull made a contrast with the sentimental scheme of colouring, white geraniums and pink peas. Cables rather than ropes is the word to give an idea of those lavish garlands. The hood was laden with them a foot thick apparently, white above, pink below, interspersed with wild oats and ornamental grasses. Of grass and oats also was the circumference of the wheels, the spokes hidden with pink pea blossoms. Strings of the same concealed the harness; grass depended from the netting on the horses' flanks, amongst it little bouquets of white and pink. Miss Woodhull well deserved the gold medal. Mrs. P. H. Newman draped her carriage handsomely with roses of varied hue; doubtless there were many who preferred this to the set design of others. A silver-gilt medal was granted. A handsome cab followed, certainly not least impressive in the show; the broad surfaces of this vehicle and its height are suited for floral decoration. The colours were well chosen also—white and yellow *calceolaria*, *eschscholtzia*, Iceland poppy and marguerites; for this excellent composition Mr. R. Strange took a silver-gilt medal. The next, Mr. A. M. Hadden's wagonette, was even better, showing ingenuity and thought besides excellent taste. Every portion of the vehicle was wrapped in bands of a yellow material, on which garlands of white pea blossom had a very graceful effect. No other colours were shown. From the shafts depended a close fringe of wheat-ears, and below this fell

a curtain of long straws to the ground, concealing the horse's legs. A great hoop of pea blossom bridged the splash-board; and, to complete the picture, a large sunshade was fixed above, yellow, festooned with straws and wheat-ears. If this pleasing study had a defect, we should say that the mass of flowers along the horse's back, fore and aft, was too heavy; it had the appearance of a real burden. Silver-gilt medal. A gold medal was allotted to Miss Lee's victoria, piled with crimson roses, touched here and there with white, simple but superb. The dog-cart of Miss M. Sherwood represented florid taste, with cornflowers, geraniums, and marguerites, blue, red, and white, prettily but not showily blended. It wanted Italian sunshine, and more colour in the surroundings to do justice to this very brilliant design; silver-gilt medal. Somewhat of the same class was Mr. H. Regnart's pony carriage, of which the wheels had been solidly covered in with white pinks bearing a heavy cross of blue cornflowers, with roses about the circumference. It was granted a large silver medal. The riding horse of Miss M. Pollock carried a side saddle of scarlet poppies and marguerites upon a ground of fern; the bridle pretty hung with marguerites and the rosettes of *Papaver orientalis*; small silver medal. Mr. E. G. Smith sent a donkey, which won a large silver medal, with collar of crimson roses, edged white; saddle and exaggerated crupper of the same with Gloire de Dijon for a difference. Another charming donkey was that of Mr. Jeffreys Stewart, in a cart, with traces and harness of red rose, the wheels of white and pink gladioli water lilies and crimson roses. A singularly graceful effect was obtained by filling the hood with campanulas, white and blue, set upright, which arched their bells over the two little lads in Highland dress occupying the carriage. A large silver medal was granted. Mr. R. M. Cox won the same distinction for his very pretty child's cart, drawn by a very pretty little goat. Two babies sat within amongst a wilderness of yellow flowers, tastefully set off by wreaths of bronze ivy. Mr. A. F. Youens took a bronze medal, and Mrs. Spelling, a silver one for children's mail-carts, decorated with flowers, and drawn by small chairmen in the livery of Queen Anne's day. Of three tricycles which followed, Mr. J. Rowe's took a bronze medal. He had cleverly contrived a style of ornament, with "cotton grass," that peculiar abomination of the scientific agriculturist, which served a good purpose for once. Two Brahmin bulls succeeded, imperturbable as usual though wreathed with roses as if going to sacrifice; and a white camel, which did not perceptibly differ in hue from a yellow one; these lent by the Royal Zoological Society—to give some local colour to the Sunny South, perhaps. If next year's Floral Parade show as much advance proportionately as does this year's over the last it will be a fine spectacle indeed.

#### THE NORTH SEA FISHERIES AND STEAM TRAWLING.

THE recently-issued Sea Fisheries Report for 1889 deserves attention (if any can be spared from Newfoundland) on account of the prevalent belief that steam trawling is having an injurious effect on the fishing. It is a common complaint amongst the North Sea fishermen and fish-salesmen that the fish caught in deep-sea trawling, particularly the flat fish—soles, turbot, and plaice—are not so plentiful as they used to be. This is attributed to the steam trawlers, which offend in two ways according to the pessimists—they give the ground no rest, being able to fish when sailing-boats are prevented by the weather; and they fish over ground that the others cannot touch, that is to say, round the bays near the shore. They are supposed not to fish within three miles of the shore, but their opponents say that there is no one to see whether they do or not; at any rate, no one to prevent them. The gunboats seem only to look after foreign smugglers. Accordingly, the complaint is that the fish, having no refuge-ground for spawning, and no breathing space (there is no close time in the North Sea), are being exterminated. The practice of trawling round the bays also injures line fishing. We gather from the Report that there may be some foundation for the complaint. For instance, the reporting officer for Plymouth remarks, "Trawling in the bays has been practised, much to the prejudice of legitimate fishing. Steam trawlers have been the chief offenders in this way." There is a similar complaint from Folkestone; and again the reporter from Lynn says, there is no doubt that steam trawlers when fishing near the land do interfere with and kill the spawn, or catch many undersized fish, which are simply thrown overboard; and that if this were prevented there would probably be a greater and better supply.

It is certain that steam trawlers are increasing—that is to say, boats propelled by steam, for many of the larger sailing-boats are provided with steam winches for hauling in the trawl. North Shields sends out no first-class boats except steamers, and at these important stations of Hull and Grimsby (the largest on our coasts) steaming is very much on the increase, while there is a visible diminution in the number of sailing-vessels. Boston, too, is becoming a steam-trawling port; five new boats were laid down there last year for the present season. If the movement in favour of steam continues indefinitely it may eventually have a very deleterious effect on the fishing. And it probably will so continue, at least until the inevitable reaction sets in. The advantages of steam are obvious. In fine weather sailing-boats are sometimes unable to reach the fishing grounds at all, or to fish when they get there, as



a good breeze is necessary for dragging the heavy trawl. At present, however, the proportion of steamers to the whole fleet is small. Taking the five large fishing ports on the East coast—Hull, Grimsby, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, and Ramsgate—there were last year only 73 steamers out of a total of 1,685 first-class boats, or, including North Shields, 112 steamers altogether to 1,612 sailing boats. On the South coast, whence boats often come to fish in the North Sea, there are very few steamers. It is probable, too, that in the future an increasing number of steam smacks will be attracted to the distant fisheries round Iceland and the Faroe Isles, which were visited last year for the first time by English boats. And, if we turn to the actual take of fish, we find no great cause for alarm at present. The total amounts received in London for the last four years are as follows:—1886, 168,354 tons; 1887, 170,463 tons; 1888, 180,997 tons; 1889, 173,545 tons. Last year's supply was in excess of that of 1886, 1887, but fell short of the previous year by 7,452 tons. This seems a considerable drop; but it is attributed in a large measure to a fine season, which often prevented fishing for lack of wind, and in some parts there were also unfavourable local causes at work.

There is considerable difference of opinion among fishermen as to the present condition of North Sea fishing. Some say that it is nothing like what it used to be and is going from bad to worse, although they admit that the fishermen do not suffer, since, if they catch less, they get a better price for what they do catch. Soles, for instance, which once sold for 30s. or 2s. a trunk, now fetch from 5s. to 9s. We are familiar in most quarters with talk about things not being what they used to be, and need not lay too much stress on it. The right of grumbling is conceded as a national privilege, and it must be admitted that all the men by no means share this gloomy view. Indeed, the more intelligent and thoughtful among them seem to think that occasional scarcity of certain kinds of fish is in the nature of things and not a matter under our control at all. The habits of fish are little understood, and though such as herrings, mackerel, and pilchards are known to be migratory, appearing and disappearing in large numbers, it is not so generally known that this is true also of the flat fish. They will travel hundreds of miles and sometimes entirely disappear. They move together and have their own favourite places of resort. For instance, there is a sort of sandy valley with a ridge on each side not many miles out of Ramsgate; the soles take the valley, the turbot the ridge, and neither is ever caught on the other's ground. Then they have different habits according to size. Fish of the same year, as we may suppose, travel together and move from place to place. The experienced fisherman can follow them, and knows just where he is likely to find those of a particular size. But sometimes they disappear almost entirely and remain away for a long time. It is not to be concluded that they are exterminated; for on a sudden they will reappear in great numbers. They arrive in a night, like the woodcocks. Quite recently, in the present year, the large turbot appeared in this way. None had been taken for a long time, when suddenly they were met with in every direction. The late Frank Buckland was misled by this very thing. Not long before his death soles had been becoming extremely scarce. He took a great interest in the matter, and became convinced that they were practically exterminated. But he had no sooner satisfactorily proved this than one day they reappeared in unprecedented numbers. The fish also have caprices about spawning. They do not always come close in to spawn; sometimes more spawning fish may be found eighteen miles out than near the shore. Their habits are, in short, very much of a mystery, and likely to remain so, considering the little light which prolonged investigation has thrown upon the ways of the salmon. But it is pretty clear that, at they have their own way of protecting their race from destruction; and bearing in view their prodigious fertility—it is said that every sole spawns—there is no ground at present for anticipating their extermination. Mr. Huxley, indeed, believes that the supply is so plentiful and their fertility so great, that nothing could exterminate them. At the same time it is desirable that the increase of steam trawlers and their effect on the fishing should be carefully watched, and especially that attention should be paid to the practice of working over forbidden spawning-grounds.

#### MONEY MATTERS.

THE silver market is still waiting upon the United States Congress. The Conference Committee appointed by both Houses has met, and it is reported that a new subject of difference has arisen. One party wishes that the existing silver certificates should be made full legal tender for all public and private debts. At present they are not. They are merely certificates of deposit, although in practice they pass freely from hand to hand, just as banknotes do. The other party is willing to agree that silver notes in future shall be made legal tender, but not those already issued. The points of difference are so numerous that many doubt whether an agreement can be arrived at, but most people still expect that a Bill will be passed. In any case, to allay apprehension, the President has intimated that if no Bill passes he will purchase the maximum amount of silver authorized by the Bland Act. That Act requires the Secretary of the Treasury to buy every month not less than two million dollars' worth of silver,

and it permits him to buy not more than four million dollars' worth. The President will purchase the maximum amount. It will be recollected that the House Bill provided for the purchase of 4½ million dollars' worth every month. The difference between that and the maximum allowed by the Bland Act is not great, only six million dollars' worth in the course of the year. Of course, it is to be borne in mind that an Act of Congress cannot easily be repealed when it has behind it the whole influence of the Silver party, whereas a decision of the Government may be changed at any moment. It remains to be seen, therefore, whether even an official announcement that the full amount authorized to be bought by the Bland Act will in future be purchased would prevent a scare in the silver market, provided the two Houses of Congress could not agree. But, no doubt, the President's meaning is, that both Houses of Congress have so decisively declared in favour of increased purchases that, until they have time to pass a new Act, he will purchase the maximum amount allowed by the existing law. In the meantime business in the London market is almost suspended, the price of silver being quoted during the week between 47½d. and 47¼d. per ounce.

With doubtful wisdom the Egyptian Government has entered into a contract with a Syndicate of Egyptian, French, and German bankers for the conversion of the Daira loan of about 8½ millions sterling. It is understood that Messrs. Rothschild were willing to carry through the conversion; but they insisted that it should be postponed until the autumn, on the ground that the very eve of the holidays is not favourable to an operation of the kind, especially as a great Egyptian Conversion Loan of nearly 30 millions sterling has just been brought out, and that it is desirable, therefore, to allow the market a few months for the placing of the new bonds. The Egyptian Government, however, would not wait. It remains to be seen whether the Syndicate will be able to make the conversion successful before the holidays begin. The members are not of the very highest standing. And it seems hardly wise of the Egyptian Government to risk failure, when by waiting for a few months it was sure of success.

The stock markets have not recovered from the effects of the monetary stringency during the last two fortnightly Settlements. Speculators, having found it difficult to obtain the accommodation they required, had to pay dearly for what they got. Many of them, too, suffered considerable loss by being obliged to sell in a falling market. That is an experience that teaches caution at least for some time, and therefore there has been exceedingly little speculative activity during the present month. The experience in Berlin has been of the same kind, and speculators there were compelled to sell even on a larger scale than here at home. In Paris, again, business has been checked this week by the Liquidation going on upon the Bourse, where the rates have been much stiffer than was anticipated. And in New York business has been checked by the closing of the Stock Exchange to-day and yesterday. A still more depressing influence has been exercised by the increasing intensity of the crisis in the Argentine Republic.

The Argentine National Bank is a State institution. The Government holds a quarter of a million of its shares, it appoints the governor and the Board, and practically controls its entire management. Until a short time ago it was believed to be doing a highly profitable business. It paid dividends quarterly at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum, and about a year ago its shares were quoted in the market at 360. Reports very unfavourable to it began to circulate then, and the price fell gradually to about 160. As, according to the existing practice, a quarterly dividend was payable on Tuesday last, a Board meeting was called on the preceding Saturday to consider what was to be done, and decided to suspend interim dividends. The announcement appears to have caused a panic in Buenos Ayres. The shares fell to 100, and the premium on gold advanced 20 or 30 per cent. And the Times nearly caused a scare here on Monday by misprinting its Buenos Ayres correspondent's telegram so as to make him say that the bank had suspended payment. The mistake was soon corrected; but, though the matter is not as bad as the Times represented it to be, it is, for all that, a very serious symptom. Of course the public is assured that only interim dividends are suspended; that at the end of the year the Directors will be able to lay before the shareholders a very satisfactory report; and that a dividend will then be declared. But the assurances do not meet with very ready credence. To add to the significance of this incident, the interest on a loan of the City of Cordoba, capital of the province of that name in the Argentine Republic, which fell due on Tuesday, was not paid. The loan is for a little under 600,000l., and was raised here only last July. It bears interest at the rate of 6 per cent., and the price of issue was 98. Naturally the bonds fell 10l. It is said, however, that arrangements have now been made for paying the interest next Monday.

From all this, and much more, it seems clear that the crisis in the Argentine Republic is reaching a very acute stage. The National Government will no doubt keep faith with its creditors. Its liabilities are the first charge upon the whole Republic. The country has a magnificent future before it. Its resources are great, and its financial agents in Europe are very powerful. Even now it is said that the great financial houses interested in the Republic have agreed to lend to the National Government 5 millions sterling, and have obtained an option to take bonds amounting to another 5 millions sterling at a price agreed upon. The Govern-

ment, therefore, will obtain the pecuniary assistance it may require; in other words, even if the financial crisis should for the time being disable it from remitting to Europe the sums necessary to pay the interest upon its foreign debt, the money will be advanced by its financial agents. It is probable, too, that two, or perhaps even three, provinces will be able to weather the storm. The Province of Buenos Ayres is the richest in the whole Republic, and it has obtained command of funds by the sale of the Western Railway. It will, no doubt, keep faith with its creditors. So, too, we may expect will the Province of Santa Fé, and probably one or two others more may. But some of the undeveloped provinces, with little population and less wealth, can hardly fulfil the engagements they have entered into, and we fear that the same must be said of most of the municipalities which have borrowed so recklessly of late. Even the city of Buenos Ayres has abused its credit so flagrantly that at this inopportune moment it is trying to raise a new loan of 4 millions sterling in Europe. Whether it will succeed remains to be seen. But, if it does, those who accommodate it should surely insist upon a more judicious expenditure of the money; and, further, that there shall be no more borrowing for some years to come.

#### RECENT CONCERTS.

THE debt of gratitude which Wagner owed to Liszt was so great, and its repayment during the lifetime of both was so limited, that it is small wonder that the disciples of the former should have adopted as part of their creed a sort of propaganda of Liszt's more ambitious works, which otherwise would have but little likelihood of being brought forward. Regarded as an act of piety, nothing can be fitter than that the followers of Wagner should do their best to preserve Liszt's orchestral compositions from oblivion; but it is perhaps somewhat trying for the public which only cares for music on its own merits—whether it be written by Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, or Wagner—that it should have to listen to such a tiresome piece of long-winded dreariness as Liszt's Symphony to Dante's *Divina Commedia*, which was brought forward at the Sixth Richter Concert, on the 23rd ult. It would serve no good purpose to enter upon a detailed account of this wearisome work, in which poverty of ideas struggles for pre-eminence with bombastic orchestration. No greater condemnation could be found for such music than the fact that it should produce such an effect when played under Herr Richter's bâton. If he can make nothing of it, a work must be absolutely wanting in any good qualities, and certainly it would be hard to detect any in this intolerable Symphony. Fortunately for the audience, the rest of the programme was composed of works of proved excellence. Brahms's fine Tragic Overture, the Ballet-Music and Wedding March from Rubinstein's *Feramos*, the Trio of Rhine Maidens (from *Die Götterdämmerung*), Prelied (from *Die Meistersinger*), and the end of the first act of *Die Walküre*, were all thoroughly enjoyable. Mr. Lloyd's magnificent singing of Walther's song and the music allotted to Siegmund being an especially welcome feature. In the *Walküre* selection the part of Sieglinde was declaimed with success by Miss Anna Williams, who was joined in the Trio by Fräulein Fillunger and Miss Lena Little. The programme of the Seventh Richter Concert was devoted entirely to the works of Wagner, and comprised a long selection from the last act of *Die Walküre*, the closing scene from *Die Götterdämmerung*, the Overtures to *Rienzi* and *Der fliegende Holländer*, and selections from *Tannhäuser* and *Tristan und Isolde*. It is probably useless to protest against the introduction into a concert-room of such scenes as that from *Die Walküre*, which are only fit for stage presentation. In the absence of any possibility of the latter, the ultra-Wagnerian Wagner Society (in conjunction with which last Monday's concert was given) prefers to hear such excerpts performed in a way which is totally opposed to Wagner's principles, and calculated to give the public an entirely false impression of his method and the effect he produces. The long dialogue between Brünnhilde and Wotan, which in its proper place in the music drama is justifiable and necessary, when sung in a concert-room, even as well as it was last Monday, becomes tedious and dull, besides which the effect of the orchestra, being on the same platform as the voices, is very different from what the composer intended. Of course, it cannot be denied that Wagner himself sanctioned such concert performances of selections from his stage works by conducting in person at the concerts given at the Albert Hall during his last visit to this country; but it should be remembered that those concerts were given solely to obtain enough money for the proper stage performance of the Nibelungen Trilogy, and that when that aim was achieved, and the composer's works were no longer regarded as the impossible dreams of an enthusiast, all excuse for performing them in any other way than he intended ceased. The members of the Wagner Society would be paying more respect to Wagner's memory, and be doing more to spread his principles, if they would discourage such ill-balanced performances. The most notable feature of Monday's concert was the improvement in Fräulein Pauline Cramer's singing. In both the scenes from *Tannhäuser* and the selections from the *Ring* she showed that her vocalization and phrasing were far better than used to be the case, and though her voice is not very powerful, especially when accompanied by such heavy orchestration as in the *Götterdämmerung* scene, her intelligent declamation rendered her perform-

ances very satisfactory. That she was admirably seconded by Mr. Henschel in the *Walküre* selection goes without saying.

Señor Sarasate's last concert, in spite of the counter-attraction of the performance of *St. Paul* at the Crystal Palace, attracted the usual crowded audience. The Spanish violinist chose for his two most important solos Max Bruch's Second Concerto in D minor and Dr. Mackenzie's so-called "Pibroch," which was produced at the last Leeds Festival. Both works suit his style admirably, and he invests them with an amount of romance and charm which are singularly fascinating. Every successive hearing of Dr. Mackenzie's fine work confirms the good impression it created on its first performance, and even the very slipshod way in which the orchestral accompaniments were played on the 21st ult. could not detract greatly from the effect it produced. Señor Sarasate had to submit to the usual clamour for encores after his last solo. The rest of the programme consisted of Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony and Mr. Cusins's Overture, "Les Travailleurs de la Mer," neither of which was very well played. Another Spanish artist, Señor Albeniz, who made a decided impression last season by his pianoforte-playing, gave an orchestral concert on the afternoon of the 24th, the programme of which was devoted almost entirely to his own compositions. The conditions under which the performance took place were not very satisfactory, for Steinway Hall is not suited to orchestral concerts, and the small band engaged would have been much better for more rehearsals. As a composer Señor Albeniz is very eclectic. Some of his smaller pieces might have been written by several of the minor German composers of the present day, while his Concerto shows signs of French influence. It is only in a Spanish Rhapsody that any national feeling is perceptible, and, unfortunately, this number showed the deficiencies of the orchestra more than anything else in the programme. The concert-giver's playing of pieces by Scarlatti was especially enjoyable, and the delicacy and refinement of his style were noticeable in all his performances. Four well-written Italian songs were sung by Miss Marie Grobl; and the inevitable Mr. Tivadar Nacház played transcriptions of Schumann's "Träumerei," and a Tarantella of Moszkowski's, neither of which was as good as usual. It is to be hoped that M. Nacház will take advantage of the approaching holidays to enlarge his very limited repertory. He is undoubtedly a clever artist; but his performances of the three or four pieces to which he confines himself are apt to pall upon the concert-goer.

The last concert of the Philharmonic Society does not call for especial comment. The programme included Macfarren's *Cherry Chase* Overture; Costa's Quartet, "Ecco quel fiero istante"; Spohr's Ninth Violin Concerto; and Beethoven's Choral Symphony. M. Ysaÿe, the Belgian violinist, gave an extremely fine performance of the solo part in the Concerto; the breadth of his style and the beauty of his tone were especially remarkable, and his execution of the difficult bravura passages in which the work abounds was most finished and masterly. His fine playing was greeted with deserved applause, which did not subside until he had returned to the platform and played an unaccompanied encore-piece. The performance of the Symphony was fair, but in no wise remarkable. The orchestral portions of the work seemed wanting in light and shade, and in some places—notably in the important recitative passages leading to the introduction of the chorus—the want of attack and precision was very conspicuous. The beautiful tone of the strings caused the Adagio to be by far the most satisfactory part of the work. The chorus sang with spirit, but the voices were not well balanced, and the sopranos—as is so often the case in the trying finale—became exhausted before the end of the movement. The solo Quartet was sung by Fräulein Fillunger, Miss Hilda Wilson, and Messrs. Maldwyn Humphreys and Frank Morton.

A concert of a description which used to be more common fifteen years ago than nowadays, was given at St. James's Hall on the afternoon of the 27th by Mme. Zoe Caryll, and attracted a very large and enthusiastic audience. The programme consisted almost entirely of operatic selections, and the performers included Meses. Melba and Fursch-Madi, MM. Edouard de Reszke, Lassalle, Viterbo, and Isarnard, and Mr. Andrew Black. The Australian prima donna sang Verdi's "Caro nome" with all the charm of style and perfection of vocalization which make her singing so thoroughly delightful, and M. de Reszke roused the audience to enthusiasm by his admirable delivery of Peter the Great's air from the last act of *L'Etoile du Nord*. Equally good were Mme. Fursch-Madi's singing of the air "Il est doux," from Massenet's *Hérodiade*, and M. Lassalle's delivery of a graceful little song, "Mireille," by the same composer. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, for whom an apology was made, was announced to give a recitation, but she was so seriously indisposed as to be utterly inaudible. Pleasant features in the programme were the excellent recitations by M. Paul Plan of poems by Aicard and Coppée. The instrumental numbers included violin solos by M. Nacház, pianoforte pieces by Liszt (played by Mme. Caryll), and Overtures by Auber, Mendelssohn, and Weber, played by a competent orchestra under the conductorship of Mr. Cowen.

The past fortnight has been as prolific of Pianoforte Recitals as the earlier part of this unusually active musical season. On Monday, the 23rd, Herr Zeldenrust, a young Dutch pianist of much ability, was heard at Steinway Hall, and created a distinctly good impression by his expressive playing of pieces by Bach, Liszt, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Rubinstein, and



Gernsheim. On the following afternoon M. Sapellnikoff gave a second Recital at St. James's Hall, at which he gave a correct, but hard, performance of Beethoven's Sonata, "Les Adieux, l'Absence et le Retour," and (assisted by Mme. Menter) played Liszt's "Concerto Pathétique" for two pianos, a work which is neither a Concerto nor pathetic. On the afternoon of the 25th Herr Schönberger gave a Recital at Steinway Hall, when he once more showed what an excellent artist he is. His playing of the same Sonata of Beethoven's which M. Sapellnikoff had selected was characterized by much poetical feeling, and the whole of his long programme, which included compositions by Bach, Scarlatti, Mozart, Haydn, Schumann, Volkmann Scholz, Jensen, and Tausig, besides some short pieces by the concert-giver, was played throughout with admirable taste and perfect execution. On the same evening Herr Ernst Denhof gave a Recital at Princes' Hall, in conjunction with Messrs. Max Reichel and Charles Copland. Herr Denhof's playing is hard and unsympathetic, but Herr Reichel is evidently a violinist of ability.

Among minor concerts, that given by Mr. J. M. Capel may be mentioned. The programme included numerous songs by the concert-giver, the best of which was "The Mermaid," which was sung with admirable finish by Mr. D. Bispham. Mrs. Capel, Miss Marguerite Hall, Miss Capel, and Messrs. Courtice Pounds, Arthur Cecil, H. Sims Reeves, and Neville Doone, also took part in the performance.

#### RACING.

FOR the July Stakes at Newmarket none of the two-year-olds representing high public form made their appearance, with the exception of Baron Rothschild's Beauharnais, the winner of the Windsor Castle Stakes at Ascot, and the merits of his victory in his only race were still somewhat doubtful, easily as he had won it, because the field which he defeated had not been a strong one. Still, he was a magnificent colt, with such bone, power, and good shape, that there seemed little, if anything, to be desired. The only point against him was that he looked rather backward. Prince Hampton, judging of their relative powers through Susiana, who had run second to both, was unlikely to beat Beauharnais, and Red Prince had no chance on public form. Mr. Rose's bay colt by Hampton out of Rustic Queen had run within a length of Simonian at 5 lbs., and within three-quarters of a length of Gavotte at 1 lb. for the Thirty-third Biennial at Ascot, and, as that had been his first race, something better was now expected of him. He is an enormous colt, standing already, perhaps, rather over than under 16 hands, with bone to match his height, and it was the common opinion that excessive size was almost his only fault. Mr. Brodrick-Cloete ran a "dark" colt, called Unicorn, by his famous horse Paradox, and Mr. D. Baird a "dark" filly, in Phyllida. Odds were laid on Beauharnais, and the Rustic Queen colt was the second favourite. This pair cut capers at the starting-point and caused some delay, but when they got off they made the running from start to finish. Half-way down the hill it looked a very close race, and if Beauharnais won cleverly by three-quarters of a length, he had to gallop in earnest to accomplish his victory. Beauharnais is not entered for the Derby; but the Rustic Queen colt is, and, making allowance for his size and backward condition, he ran very well for the July Stakes. Unicorn ran a bad third, and he was in difficulties at the corner of the Plantation; but this was his first race, and, although rather wanting in length, he shows not a little of his sire's good shape combined with a great deal of power.

Very high two-year-old form was represented when Mr. L. de Rothschild's rat-tailed chestnut colt, Bumptious, came out for the Bottisham Plate to oppose the aged Mephisto, who had been unplaced to him for the Queen's Stand Plate at Ascot, as well as the five-year-old, St. Symphorien, a horse that, judged by his Great Surrey Handicap form, was nearly as good as Mephisto. At Ascot Bumptious, ridden by T. Loates, had held a forward position from the first, and had very soon taken up the running; now, ridden by G. Chaloner (who is a very small jockey for a great, striding colt like Bumptious), he waited; whereas Mephisto, who was ridden by Webb in both races, on this occasion made the whole of the running. In coming down the hill Bumptious began to overhaul Mephisto; but he had not quite caught him when the winning-post was reached, and he was beaten by a neck. Even allowing for the 3 lbs. difference between their relative weights at Ascot and Newmarket, this was an extraordinary reversal of public form. It is a question whether the riding or—if not—the orders given to the jockeys may not have had much to do with it. The following day, with Fred. Barrett on his back, he gave weight to eight other two-year-olds for the Plantation Stakes, and won easily at last; but he had to struggle a little at one part of the race to shake off Mr. Combe's Conscher, a colt by Peter that had won the only other race in which he had taken part; although, as Bumptious was giving him 10 lbs., there was nothing to be surprised at in that.

On Tuesday there was a most unsatisfactory race, at Carlisle, for the Cumberland Plate of 500l. That grand horse, Tyrant, who had won all his races this year, came in first, although he was giving from 20 lbs. to 47 lbs. to each of his opponents. And then it turned out that the start had been a false one, although the whole field, with the exception of Redsand, had run the

course; consequently the race had to be run over again. Tyrant's heavy weight had taken so much out of him, over the long course of a mile and three-quarters, that he failed on the second attempt.

A great deal has been said during the last few days about the enormous prices made by yearlings. Within the past eight days half a dozen have been sold at an average of 3,100 guineas each. It is satisfactory that the highest price ever paid at auction for a yearling in this country (5,500 guineas) should have been realized at the Royal stud, nor do we care one jot that America should have "whipped" England with the ridiculous price of 7,600 guineas for a yearling.

#### BARROW REVISITED.

AND is this Barrow?—*This* the seat  
I thought was mine so surely,  
That my supporters I might treat  
As wire-pulled puppets, purely?  
Ah! who could think I had to dread  
So fell a poisoned arrow  
As that which through my heart has sped  
From the false hands of Barrow?

Why, why within those ancient walls  
Remained I not a tarrier,  
Where I in high St. Stephen's halls  
Ran double, hare and harrier?  
Now hunting not, but hunted, I  
(As by the hawk the sparrow)  
Have found myself compelled to fly  
From my snug seat at Barrow.

Fool that I was, too well I feel,  
To play for this sensation,  
And trust to my constituents' zeal  
For licence-confiscation.  
I vainly thought I knew their ways,  
Their prejudices narrow;  
But they misled me by their brays,  
The bonny brays of Barrow.

And double fool to trust the men  
Who in this plight could place me,  
Those traitors I expected, when  
I ratted, to embrace me;  
And who instead have left me thus,  
A toad beneath a harrow,  
Run their own man, nor cared "a cuss"  
To chuck me out of Barrow.

'Twas they who forced me to the front  
Knowing I could not sit tight,  
And made me bear the battle's brunt  
Like the devoted Hittite.  
I do not blame the swinish Bung  
Nor all his porcine farrow;  
'Twas by Gladstonians I was flung  
Out of my seat at Barrow.

O! give me rather men of sin  
Than paragons of virtue,  
Who lead you on—and let you in—  
Who use you—and desert you—  
And who have left me like a bone  
Scooped empty of its marrow;  
Sold, scoffed at, derelict, out-thrown,  
"Shot," so to speak, from Barrow.

#### REVIEWS.

##### ESSAYS AND STUDIES.\*

WE have scarcely more than two things against Professor Gildersleeve's very interesting volume of *Essays and Studies*. The first is that it is rather too large to hold comfortably in the hand; the second is that the author writes "Vergil." Quarto is a delightful size, and the best of all for texts; but a volume of critical essays is so entirely an armchair thing—a book so wholly for times of ease—that it should be made capable of easy reading. As for "Vergil," the Professor, we own, grieves us deeply by this. If he chooses to write "Vergilius," it is within his right to do so. But "Vergil" should be left either to men of letters who would fain be scholars at a cheap rate, or to scholars who are not even fain to be men of letters. The English form, fixed by centuries of literary usage, is Vergil and nothing else. Now Professor Gildersleeve falls most happily out of both the unhappy classes to which we have just given license to write "Vergil." He is a scholar, and he is a man of letters; he has even, as we should suppose, written this book for the very purpose (which

\* *Essays and Studies*. By B. L. Gildersleeve. Baltimore (U.S.): Murray. 1890.

he has achieved) of vindicating, not merely the right, but the duty, of the exact scholar to be a man of letters as well. Although he does not himself use the parallel, Mr. Gildersleeve, in more places than one, reminds us of the ingenious and sound contention of Paulus Pleydell, that counsel learned in the law, that a lawyer without general literature is a mere hodman, that when he has it he may call himself an architect. Mr. Gildersleeve's special subject is, we believe, grammar—Greek grammar, Greek grammar treated after the strictest sect of German philologists. Yet most of these essays would be dismissed by the philologist pure and simple as "painfully belletristic," and the rest, though dealing directly with classical education, are all pleas of one kind or another for a combined devotion to philology and *belles lettres*. It is not Professor Gildersleeve, we may be sure, who would shake his head at the study of a great literature, as somebody else was reported, let us hope falsely, to have done not long ago, because it was of "no linguistic value."

The book consists of two divisions, "Educational Essays" and "Literary and Historical Studies." The former are of course calculated for the meridian not of Greenwich but of Washington (is it Washington?), directly and primarily, yet much that they contain is, unhappily, applicable—is indeed more applicable than it was some years ago—to England. It is great fun to find Mr. Gildersleeve at one moment standing up like a man for philology and for scholarship proper, and at another acknowledging that philology is a remarkably undulating and diverse science, that she has a habit of contradicting unblushingly her most certain results of a few years back. It is needless to say (in both his characters, as a scholar and a man of letters, he was safe beforehand here) that he is a classical man of the most uncompromising kind, and it is hardly more necessary to say that he is no scornor of modern literature and languages. Indeed, the very titles of his essays, "The Legend of Venus," "Platen's Poems" (by the way, he thinks too much of Platen, but we all have our pet whimsies), and so forth, would show them. And as these essays on modern subjects are written from the standpoint of a man nursed on sound classical studies, so those on classical subjects, "Xanthippe and Socrates," "Apollonius of Tyana," "Lucian," "The Emperor Julian," and so forth, are never forgetful of modern literature. In some of the earlier papers—for their dates cover thirty years, and the author with humorous coolness occasionally appends a note wondering at his own past opinions—there is a slight fault, the fault of that exaggerated, not to say forced, jocularity which, introduced by Wilson and the *Blackwood* men, and long kept up by De Quincey, has now happily gone out of fashion. But this is a mere question of mode, and it would be little more reasonable to object to a man for having given way to it at a certain date than to his having worn his hair or his coat in accordance with the mode of the day. Nor do we intend to endorse Mr. Gildersleeve's opinions on all points—base is the slave who does not admit that his opinion "ud be different" from that of any other person on some matters of literature. We do not think, for instance, though we understand and appreciate his own point of view, that Lucian, even from the standpoint of modern orthodoxy, is "one of the saddest of authors." Let it be said, to start with, that Mr. Gildersleeve enjoys the Lucianic joke as much as anybody. But he thinks that joke in some ways sad. Now Voltaire is sad, if you like, because Voltaire occasionally cants, and cant is always the sign of uneasiness somewhere, unless it be the utterance of a mere fool (who does exist) or a mere knave (who perhaps does not). That Voltaire occasionally believed and trembled is perfectly obvious; and it makes much of him sad enough. But there is absolutely no evidence of anything of the same kind about Lucian. Mr. Gildersleeve, like all good scholars, would of course not think of attributing the *Philopatri* to Lucian, and outside of the *Philopatri* there is nothing at all to show either that Lucian had ever been a Christian, or that he had the least inside knowledge of Christianity. From undoubtedly genuine passages, such as that in the *Peregrinus*, it merely appears that, like other outsiders, he thought the new sect harmless lunatics. It is far too much the modern fashion to suppose that the obatinate questionings which trouble moderns, and sometimes trouble professing unbelievers most of all, must have troubled Greeks. We may claim to have read Lucian (not "Franklin's Lucian," as a delightful countryman of Professor Gildersleeve's once said) for "days and days," but we never found in him, except as a transferred and subjective thing, this sadness. The immortal distich attributed to him—

Λουκιανὸς τὰδ' ἔγραψε, παλαὺν τε μὲν ἂν  
Μετὰ γὰρ ἀνθρώποις καὶ τὰ δοκούντα σοφά—

expresses a certain attitude of mind which has been very difficult for any one honestly and genuinely to keep up, without *arrière pensée* and without affectation, since the diffusion of Christianity, but which was still quite possible for a Greek or a Hellenized Asiatic of the second century like Lucian. He was the real Agnostic, the person who is content not to know; the person who claims the title nowadays is generally in mortal terror because he does not know and yet in puerile opposition to being taught. Even Rabelais, the nearest approach to Lucian, is cumbered now and then about proposals for reforming the world and the like. Lucian never was. He did not think that whatever is right; he did not think that whatever is wrong. He thought that there were a great many fools in the world, and that it was very amusing to show up their

folly. He thought that there were many pleasant and beautiful things in it, and that it was well to enjoy them, and, if you could, describe your joy in literature. He thought that good writing was an excellent good thing, and bad writing an incomparably bad one. He had most good literature at his own fingers' ends, and was not ashamed of showing his knowledge of it. He had, first of all ancient writers in prose known to us, the knack of creating, or at any rate portraying, character in fictitious presentment. He was full of all manner of knowledge, and he only found it vanity when it became peremptory and positive, when it would insist on "appearing wise," and began to "pontify." At the Christian point of view he never, we think, arrived; he never even felt any need or desire to arrive at anything like it. To abate the coarseness (though it was a lady that spoke it) of the epigram on Duclos, he wanted only "bread, wine, cheese, and the first comer to make fun of." He had the bread, and the wine, and the cheese (with, it would seem, some roses and other trimmings), he has left the fun for all ages to share with him. Is this so very sad? Put it that it would have been sad if he had given up higher things for it; but did he?

The digression is considerable; but it is the best compliment to a book which is evidently the product of literary thought to make it the occasion of an attempt at more. And let us add that, if Mr. Gildersleeve does not go so far as we should in praise of Lucian—who is, *salva orthodoxia*, a kind of idol of ours—his essay is one of the best, if not the best, that we have seen on the subject.

#### NOVELS.\*

SOME successful novelists always write in pretty much the same manner, and secure thereby a public of their own, who will always read their books and always like them, some more and some less, but all more or less because they like the manner. Mr. Norris is one of those novelists, and his public will probably like *The Baffled Conspirators*. Being ourselves—so far as the collection of persons responsible for what appears in a newspaper can be—a part of Mr. Norris's public, it is not an altogether easy task to estimate the view which people who are not amused by Mr. Norris's manner will take of this particular work. They can say with truth that the characters in it all talk with that easy, humorous, rather delicate, and not entirely otherwise than cynical cleverness which all Mr. Norris's characters display, and which the part of Mr. Norris's narrative that does not consist of conversation displays with equal uniformity. They may further be able to say truthfully that nobody, unless it be Mr. Norris, actually talks just in this style, and, for anything we know, that they do not find the style entertaining. There their adverse criticism will probably stop, and, indeed, there can hardly be any occasion for it to go further. They will not be able to deny that the story contains a brief, simple, and rather ingenious plot, neatly worked out, and that it is not in the least too long—assuming, of course, that any part of it was worth writing at all. The *dramatis personæ* are four men and two women. Lord Guise was a slightly Epicurean philosopher, at the beginning of middle age, heir to a dukedom, and suggesting a kind of cross between the Lord Hartington of real life and the Lord St. Aldegonde of fiction. Thorold was a promising young man in Parliament, whose fault was a slight inclination towards priggishness. Moreton was a youngish masher of aristocratic extraction. Schneider was a German Jew "on the make." Lady Belvoir was a fascinating widow with a dubious reputation—which we are given to understand was worse than it need have been because she rather liked it dubious. Miss Leslie was a good girl, redeemed from insipidity by a friendship for Lady Belvoir, not sufficiently ecstatic to blind her to the weaknesses of the latter's character. It pleased Lord Guise to induce the three other men to join him in an agreement that for a year from the time of agreeing none of them should make an offer of marriage without first consulting the others, and that, if he was not permitted by them to reveal his affections to their object, he should abstain from communicating with her by speech or writing for six months. The agreement, of course, is aimed at Lady Belvoir, and, of course, discovered by her when in the fulness of time all the four except Lord Guise come under its operation. Therefore diverting circumstances occur. Mr. Norris makes the curious mistake of leaving out from his account of the pledge the circumstance that it bound the promisors only for a year. He refers explicitly to the limitation afterwards; but the omission is un-

\* *The Baffled Conspirators*. A Novel. By W. E. Norris, Author of "Misadventure" &c. London: Spencer Blackett. 1890.

*Jacquetta; and other Stories*. By S. Baring-Gould, Author of "Mehalah" &c. London: Methuen & Co. 1890.

*Thyme and Rue*. By Margaret B. Cross. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1890.

*Midge*. By May Crommelin, Author of "Queenie" &c. London: Trischler & Co. 1890.

*The Shadow of a Dream*. A Novel. By William D. Howells, Author of "A Hazard of Two Fortunes" &c. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1890.

*All He Knew*. By John Habberton, Author of "Helen's Babies" &c. London: Clarke & Co.

*The Mystery of a Millionaire's Grave*. By Gordon Stables, M.D., Author of "The Cruise of the 'Snowbird'" &c. London: Remington & Co.

*The Master of the Magicians*. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Herbert D. Ward. London: William Heinemann. 1890.



fortunate, because no one even in a novel could agree to such a pledge for an indefinite time. We cannot but regret that the critical interview between Lord Guise and Lady Belvoir at the end of the book is not described. We learn its result; but then we knew what it was going to be. Perhaps Mr. Norris felt unequal to the occasion; but it would have been very amusing.

There are three stories published under the title of *Jacquetta*, which is the middle one, and gay. The other two are grave. The eponymous heroine of "Jael" is another and a lesser Mehalah, and is considerably worse treated than even that melancholy lady. In "Moth Mullein" it is the young man that comes to grief, and great grief he comes to. In each of these stories Mr. Baring-Gould harrows us in his well-known Essex style. *Jacquetta* is the longest of the three tales, and much the least characteristic of its author. Also it is not free from a suspicion of the goody-goody, and would probably be freely admitted to a girls' school-room. Mr. Baring-Gould shows a lamentable disposition to adopt the silly fad of introducing the use of the subjunctive mood for conditional purposes into colloquial English. It leads to self-contradictory horrors like this:—"One can live anywhere and be happy if one does one's duty, and has a clear conscience, and the digestion be all right." Now, if "be," why, in the name of pedantic affectation, not also "do" and "have"? We would gladly allow Mr. Baring-Gould, on account of his great talent as a storyteller, to mince and mangle his mother tongue in reason; but if he does, he might "jine his flats."

In *Thyme and Rue*—why *Thyme and Rue*?—Mrs. or Miss Cross set out with a purpose recalling to the critical mind *The Golden Butterfly*, and an indefinite number of other well-known works. There was a reformed rake called Scott, who had enjoyed himself until he was tired of it, and had then taken up with a monomania about what he called "The Simple Life." Simplicity, in his view, consisted in being your own cook, housemaid, gardener, tailor, and so forth, reading the works of philosophers, and never doing anything else. Indeed, what with reading, digging, sewing, cooking, and weaving, Mr. Scott left himself no time to do anything else. He ignored civilization, and refused to acquiesce in that not very modern invention, the division of labour. He had a daughter Juliet and a neighbour Mrs. Neville, with a son Harry. He converted Mrs. Neville, and they brought up their respective children according to his views. The children grow up together ignorant of most things that most people know, and in due time they became engaged to each other at the command of their parents. Here Mrs. Cross took up their story in detail, apparently with the intention of describing how a young man and woman would behave if brought up in this insane manner. The intention was too difficult to carry out. Juliet and Harry both departed, owing to miscellaneous circumstances, from the wild moor which Mr. Scott had selected for the scene of his experiment, and began to go about the world like other young people in novels. Now then the reader's attention is fitfully recalled to their education by a statement that Juliet had never before drunk tea, or that Harry on some occasion tasted wine for the first time, or the like; but in the main the novel goes on just like other novels. Of course, they broke off their engagement, and, of course, that was not the end of their story. Mrs. Cross writes nicely enough. There is a lawyer in the book who settled Juliet's fortune upon her with such skill that she was able after the birth of a child to make over the whole of it to her husband. No harm was done though, because he put the deed in the fire.

There was a girl called Midge, because her name was Marjorie, and her papa was an artist and became blind, and went abroad and was cured, and married a widow who was also a bore. And the widow had a nephew Oliver who had long loved Midge. But Midge loved Oxley, and had a famous flirtation with him while her father was abroad being cured of blindness and captured by the widow. And Oxley loved Midge, but could not marry her because he had previously loved a grava widow, and had to marry her when she became a real one. So, after much woe, Midge made it up with Oliver. And there was a comic Irishwoman who let lodgings, and said chrysolites when she meant acolytes, and otherwise entertained the company. And Miss May Crommelin tells the story well enough, but uses too many italics.

Mr. Howells's last novel is written in his usual jargon, or if anything rather worse than usual. His language is becoming not only affected but slipshod. "I modestly evaded the merit I might have acquired through this suggestion" (meaning that he evaded the acknowledgment which might have been made to him of the merit of his behaviour); "you could get it of the first alienist whom you showed that paper" (meaning the first mad-doctor to whom she showed the paper). These are a couple of instances of language which would be inaccurate and slovenly whoever used it, but which is really an impertinence in the writings of a man who claims to be an arbiter of literary elegance, and what he himself would probably call a "stylist." We are, of course, more or less accustomed to such barbarisms as "Now, what do you have to say?" Mr. Howells's flats are much worse than Mr. Baring-Gould's. The story, as usual, is all about three very unpleasant souls; but their adventures produced more decided crises in the careers of their respective bodies than is usual with Mr. Howells. Faulkner dreamed every night that Nevil (a good young man) was marrying Mrs. Faulkner. Then he died, and Mrs. Faulkner, after a reasonable period of mourning, was going to marry Nevil; but she found out about the dream, so

they wept, kissed, and parted; and Nevil was run over by a train, and Mrs. Faulkner "died a year later." The fact was that "she sank under the strain of experiences that wrung the finest and most sensitive principles of her being, or, as we say, died of a broken heart." Yes, but that's just what you don't say.

Mr. Habberton once wrote *Helen's Babies*, and now he has written a tract. *All He Knew* is the story of how a weak-minded cobbler and ex-thief came out of prison chock-full of greasy and offensive piety, and converted by his illustrious example the whole population of the town in which he lived.

It seems a curious thing to do to write an historical novel—so to speak—about events which occurred only the other day, and to put real people in the story with their real names, and particularly so when the episode selected for the foundation of the narrative was extremely painful and rather disgusting. However, that is what Dr. Gordon-Stables has thought proper to do with regard to the theft of the remains of the late Mr. Stewart, of New York. His tale is in the style of a good average shilling dreadful, and, for anything we know, it may be all true. True or imaginary, if it displeases any relations of Mr. Stewart's who may be alive, they can settle it with Dr. Gordon-Stables.

It may be gathered from some advertisements at the end of *The Master of the Magicians* that Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Herbert D. Ward, paradoxical as it may seem, are man and wife. They have combined to render into a long novel—they say themselves that their book "is not an archaeological treatise, but a novel"—a short part of the Book of Daniel, namely, how Daniel told Nebuchadnezzar his dream, and was made governor of the province of Babylonia, and how Nebuchadnezzar went mad and ate grass. They call him Nebuchadrezzar, which gives their work an intellectual appearance. There is a little love-story mixed up in it, about a Jewish girl and Arioch, the captain of the King's guard, and a good deal about the Queen, Amytis, who loved both Daniel and Arioch, and persecuted the Jewish girl, and fell over the balusters of the hanging gardens. The passages we dislike least are where it was so hot that "birds sank in their stifling flight, and fell broiling on the bricks," and where Daniel, riding across the desert, "made tremendous time, to which he gave no check until the outlines of the caravan to Damascus met his fixed and sunken eye. Then the saint halted mightily, drew his horse upon the haunches with a soldier's muscle [it must have looked very odd], and fell into a slow and thoughtful pace."

#### SOME GEOLOGICAL BOOKS.\*

THIS essay, which has been revised and somewhat amplified by the author since it obtained the Sedgwick prize, gives a very complete account of the volcanic rocks of Bala age in Caernarvonshire, together with some other igneous rocks, which may be reasonably considered along with them, although the date of their extrusion cannot be precisely determined. The microscopic structures and the larger characteristics of these rocks are carefully and accurately described, and a considerable number of chemical analyses, several of them hitherto unpublished, are given. Some theoretical questions, also, are discussed in passing, the author exhibiting a leaning towards the most modern views. A wider experience may perhaps teach him that what is new is not always true; but, whether his opinions as to these questions be right or wrong, his book, which is mainly occupied by matters of fact, is a valuable addition to our knowledge of the British igneous rocks.

The next work is founded upon *The Geology of the London Basin*, published by the Geological Survey in 1874. That work, however, has been so much augmented and modified, so nearly rewritten, that the present one may fairly be called a new book. It incorporates, as a matter of course, the results of the labours of several members of the Survey, as well as of other geologists, but the burden of arranging the material, and to a large extent of writing the memoir, has fallen upon one of them—Mr. W. Whitaker—who, as might be expected, has admirably executed his task. The first volume contains a very full and clear account of the geology of the neighbourhood of London, from the oldest rocks discovered in deep borings to the newest superficial deposits, together with chapters on the physiography of the district, its economic geology, and the petrography of its rocks. The second volume contains the records of a large number of sections obtained in well-sinkings, borings, and excavations of various kinds, amounting on a rough estimate to about a thousand. Thus the work will be invaluable for reference, and essential to every student of the geology of England. As an additional recommendation, it may be mentioned that the custom of issuing the memoirs of the Geological Survey at a price so high as to be almost prohibitive has been abandoned, and that of the present work is very moderate.

\* *The Bala Volcanic Series of Caernarvonshire and associated Rocks.* Being the Sedgwick Prize Essay for 1886. By Alfred Harker, M.A. F.G.S. Cambridge: University Press.

*The Geology of London and of part of the Thames Valley.* By W. Whitaker, B.A., F.R.S. (Memoirs of the Geological Survey.) Vol. I. Descriptive Geology. Vol. II. Appendices. Eyre and Spottiswoode.

*A Manual of Palaeontology for the Use of Students; with a General Introduction to the Principles of Palaeontology.* By Professor H. A. Nicholson and R. Lydekker. 2 vols. London: Blackwood & Sons.

*Palaeontographical Society.* Vol. XLIII. Issued for 1889. London: printed for the Society. 1890.

Although the next book, as stated on the title-page, is a third edition of Professor Nicholson's well-known manual, so much of it has been rewritten and such large additions have been made that this may fairly be called a new work. It now consists of two large volumes containing more than sixteen hundred pages, with very many illustrations. The volume devoted to the invertebrata is from the pen of the original author; that containing the vertebrata is the work of Mr. Lydekker. In the former much attention is paid to the microscopic structure of fossils, and numerous figures are given which will be very helpful to the student. The articles relating to the Protozoa generally, the Sponges, the Graptolites and other Hydrozoa, the Actinozoa, and the Crinoids contain much new and valuable information, which is now for the first time placed within reach of those to whom English text-books only are available. The volume occupied by the vertebrata also contains a large amount of new material, but it would have been well if, in accordance with the plan of the other volume, figures of the microscopic structures of bones, &c. had been given. The amphibia, reptilia, and mammalia are well described, and the birds, which in Britain do not occur before the Cretaceous era, receive due notice; but the chapter on Fishes meets with some criticism at the hands of specialists. It is, however, inevitable that in a subject so extensive as palæontology has now become, even two authors cannot handle every part with equal facility. An attempt at an ideal perfection would require the book to be written on the plan of an encyclopedia, and then, if it gained in some respects, it would lose in others. In this work, at any rate, the blemishes are slight compared with the general excellencies.

The last volume includes parts of four memoirs. The first, on the Cretaceous Entomostraca, by Professor Rupert Jones and Dr. G. S. Hinde, is a continuation of the monograph contributed to this series by the former author in 1849. It is illustrated by four plates containing a considerable number of new species. Though this group of organisms has little interest for the majority of students, and does not seem likely to aid materially in determining any important geological questions, there is a great advantage in having it thoroughly investigated by men who are among the first living authorities on the subject. In the second part Mr. W. H. Hudleston continues his monograph on the British Jurassic Gastropoda; and in the third Mr. S. S. Buckman describes some more ammonites from the Inferior Oolites. Both these contributions will be welcomed by a larger circle of students. The volume concludes with the second part of Mr. G. F. Whidborne's monograph of the Devonian fauna of the South of England, which is wholly occupied by a description of Cephalopoda. Throughout, the plates, printing, and material maintain the high level reached by previous volumes of this work, the value of which will be little affected by lapse of time, because, however opinions as to theoretic questions may be altered by the progress of knowledge, an accurate figure and description of a fossil renders a fact in natural history accessible to all. This serial publication deserves from geologists a support yet more general than it receives, though we are glad to see that the number of subscribers is increasing.

#### THE BIRDS OF ESSEX.\*

THE British ornithologists are showing great activity, and, if the result of their labours survives, as it very well may do, many of the beautiful creatures of which they write, their books may one day come to possess extreme value as a record. It was estimated, some years ago, that one species, on an average, becomes extinct in the world every year. This is a terrible thought, and extinction is, one hopes, an extreme word in many instances; but, whether the estimate is literally correct or not, a great many varieties, especially of British birds, are becoming so rare that each contribution to their exact history is of value. Almost every county nowadays has its local bird-chronicle, and it seems remarkable that a county ornithologically so rich as Essex should have remained a field unattempted until Mr. Christy took it up. He has, he tells us, been collecting materials for more than fifteen years, and his book is full of information excellently put together.

Mr. Christy has prefixed to his volume a chapter of biographical notes, alphabetically arranged, on the principal Essex ornithologists. These are of considerable interest; but they include the lives of men who scarcely touched the study of birds. Edward Doubleday was a very distinguished entomologist; but we believe he published nothing directly ornithological. The same might be said of Dr. Allan MacLean, whose claim to a place in *The Birds of Essex* seems to be that he used to net blackbirds with adroitness. The real ornithologists of Essex have been Henry Doubleday, J. D. Hoy, and, among living men of science, the veteran Mr. Joseph Clarke, about each of whom Mr. Christy gives interesting particulars. He also produces useful lists of the chief bird collections in the county—the Saffron Walden Museum collection being by far the finest—and special chapters on Hawks and Hawking in Essex, and on Wild-fowl Decoys and Wild-fowling, with good illustrations.

The author's catalogue of Essex birds comprises no fewer than

272 species, a number which is larger than that of all but two or three counties. Among these are included five which were first met with, as British birds, in Essex. The claim of the pheasant to figure on the list of five species rests on a tract on the ecclesiastical households of Bishop's Waltham, edited in 1861 by the present Bishop of Oxford, from a MS. of 1177, but referring to a bill of fare drawn up in 1059. In this is mention made of "unus phasianus," which is supposed to be one of an ancient brood surviving from the Roman possession. It is, however, rather rash of Mr. Christy to give as a reason for believing that the Romans introduced the pheasant that Harold allowed his canons of Waltham to taste one so late as 1059. The record of the Alpine Accentor is more exact and more conclusive. The first British example of this sombre-plumaged little warbler was shot in a garden on the borders of Epping Forest in 1817. The blue-headed Yellow Wagtail (*Motacilla flava*) was first shot in this country by Henry Doubleday, on the 3rd of October, 1834, when walking with two friends on the top of the cliffs at Walton-on-the-Naze. Mr. Christy considers that there is little doubt that *flava* occurs in this country very much oftener than is generally supposed, but that it is habitually mistaken for the common *raii*, from which it can scarcely be distinguished without careful examination. It is difficult to be sure whether a certain specimen of the Adriatic Gull, *Larus melanocephalus*, was or was not shot in Barking Creek in 1866; and the authority for including Scopoli's Sooty Tern, *Sterna anastheta*, among Essex, or even among British, birds is merely that in September 1875 a specimen was found on a lightship "somewhere about the Nore," as the sailor said to the little boy.

In the Appendix to this volume an account is given of the interesting attempt made by Mr. John Bateman, of Brightlingsea, to introduce a new game bird into Essex. This is the South American *Perdix grande*, the Rufous Timaru, or *Rhynchotus rufescens* of science. The Timaru is an odd-looking bird, destitute of tail, with very sober plumage neatly packed away over its plump frame, without a crest or projecting feather to break the round outline. This bird comes from the tablelands of Bolivia, where it swarms under the long grass. Mr. Bateman imported half a dozen in 1883, and turned out his first brood on to the marshes, putting up a printed notice requesting sportsmen to spare them. They flourished at first, but the foxes unfortunately discovered that Timaru was remarkably nice, and they are gradually exterminating the birds. The nest is merely "a few grass straws in a standing crop of barley."

#### A DICTIONARY OF APPLIED CHEMISTRY.\*

WHEN a new edition of Watts' *Dictionary of Chemistry* was required, the publishers decided to limit it to four volumes, and to issue in three volumes a separate Dictionary of Technical Chemistry. Of the former work two volumes have already appeared under the editorship of Professor Forster Morley and Mr. Pattison Muir, of Cambridge. These volumes we have already noticed with the commendation they deserve, and there can be no doubt that an excellent reference dictionary of pure chemistry will shortly be in the hands of English readers. The work involves most arduous labour, but the task assigned to Professor Thorpe was scarcely inferior in magnitude. In the present day the art of the manufacturer follows so quickly on the science of the discoverer, that technology is often completely blended with pure science. It was evidently necessary that Professor Thorpe's book should be as far as possible complete in itself, and he therefore wisely decided to make no effort to prevent the two books from overlapping in many places. But the second Dictionary is, as it professes to be, mainly the history of modern applied chemistry, and, although mistakes have been made in the selection of material and some articles included which could well have been left to works on pure science, the Dictionary, if completed on the present lines, will be an important aid to British industry. The mistakes of this kind are few in number, and we have no desire to chronicle them; but the excellent article on Analysis, by Mr. Bothamley, affords a signal illustration. More than fifty of the closely-printed double-column pages are devoted to this subject, and much of the matter consists of lucid descriptions of the special analytical methods incident to applied chemistry. But the article includes also a detailed account of elementary qualitative and quantitative analysis; the use of the blowpipe, the detection of metals and acids, and other parts of the alphabet of the science, which are supplied in every elementary treatise on chemical analysis. It was a mistake to squander the space of a work like this in detail familiar to the youngest student.

The editor has been assisted by a staff of no less than thirty contributors, each of whom is eminent in one or more departments of applied chemistry. Their articles are indicated by initials, and we are thus able to appreciate the great mass of work supplied personally by the editor. Professor Thorpe seems to have written nearly all the short articles, and several of the longer ones, including Carbon, Aluminium, Acetic Acid, and Arsenic, the last of which is remarkably good. Most of the long articles are, however, supplied by well-known specialists, and are almost invariably valuable. It is impossible to describe them in

\* *The Birds of Essex: a Contribution to the Natural History of the County.* By Miller Christy, F.L.S. Chelmsford: Durant & Co.

\* *A Dictionary of Applied Chemistry.* By T. E. Thorpe, B.Sc. (Vict.), Ph.D., F.R.S., Treas. C.S., Professor of Chemistry in the Normal School of Science and Royal School of Mines, South Kensington. Assisted by Eminent Contributors. Vol. I. London: Longmans & Co. 1890.



detail; but we will select a few, not because they are the best, but because they are typical.

The article on Brewing, by Mr. John Heron, affords a good example of the advantages rendered by science, even in well-known and apparently simple manufactures. The first staple of the brewer is water, and one chief reason why the brewing industry flourishes in certain districts and not in others is the composition of the waters in those localities. Mr. Heron divides natural waters into seven classes, and shows by analytical tables that waters of the saline class, and particularly those containing much calcium sulphate, are the best for brewing. In places where the water is unsuitable its composition may be changed by the judicious addition of the missing salts. There is a good and detailed account of malt, and a discussion of the chemical points connected with brewing which will give new information to many an experienced brewer. "Cellulose" was wisely assigned to Mr. C. F. Cross, who, with his colleague Mr. Bevan, has revolutionized our knowledge of this, the most important of vegetable compounds. Cellulose is the name given by chemists to the vegetable fibre, practically identical in all plants, to which their form and to a great extent their mass is due. Cotton wool is a naturally pure and linen an artificially purified form of cellulose. Mr. Cross has not in this article described gun-cotton and the other nitrates of cellulose, but he has given an interesting account of the "Willesden" manufacture. This manufacture depends on the curious fact that cellulose is dissolved, apparently without chemical change, by a solution of cupric hydrate in ammonia. Sheets of paper, ropes and nets, when immersed in this solution become coated with a very permanent and waterproof layer, which protects the fibre and gives it great additional strength. By a similar process sheets of paper may be welded together into a fabric of great durability suitable for roofing and for many other purposes. The action of acids and alkalis on cellulose is also sufficiently described. In an article on Cyanides, Professor Dittmar, of Glasgow, gives a long and useful account of the technology of yellow prussiate of potash, discussing in some detail the many proposed improvements which have from time to time been subjected to trial. This industry is a remarkable example of the utilization of waste material, for the staple consists of cuttings of horn, woollen rags, dried blood, refuse feathers, and old boots and shoes. Prussiate of potash is used on a very large scale in the manufacture of Prussian blue.

Dr. Lunge, of Zürich, contributes three long articles on subjects with which he is specially conversant—namely, Ammonia, Bromine, and Chlorine. The value of ammonia as manure, as well as for many industrial purposes, is so great that many attempts have been made to prepare it on a commercial scale from the elements of air and water. It does not appear that these attempts have as yet been successful, although some of them at least are based on sound principles. The main source of ammonia is still the liquor of the gas works, and Dr. Lunge gives many details as to the treatment of this liquor, and the manufacture from it of salts of ammonia. The article on Chlorine is longer, and contains much valuable matter in relation not only to the ordinary methods for the preparation of chlorine, but to the new systems which are receiving the anxious attention of manufacturers at the present time. The anxiety is natural, for, by a curious conjunction of circumstances, the economical production of chlorine is intimately connected with the most important of chemical industries, the alkali manufacture. In many great centres of industry, notably in the districts around Newcastle, St. Helen's, and Glasgow, colossal works have been erected and an almost fabulous amount of capital invested for the conversion of common salt into alkali by the method of Leblanc, that unfortunate French inventor who, after paving the way for the acquisition by others of wealth "beyond the dreams of avarice," died in an asylum for paupers. In this manufacture hydrochloric acid is a by-product, and this is utilized and yields an important profit in the form of bleaching powder. Recently a new process for the manufacture of alkali has been devised in which hydrochloric acid is not produced, but which is undoubtedly more economical as regards the production of soda. Those makers whose capital is invested in the Leblanc plant find it hard to compete with the ammonia-soda process, and their chief compensation is at present derived from the chlorine which they can, and their new rivals cannot, prepare economically. Even this advantage may not long remain to them, for a method of preparing chlorine from chloride of magnesium has been devised which promises well. If it prove successful, the main benefit will, however, probably accrue not to the English or French alkali-makers, but to the owners of the gigantic salt-works at Stassfurt, where chloride of magnesium is produced as a waste product in unlimited quantity.

The chemistry of colours, including, of course, the almost infinite series of coal-tar derivatives, is very fully treated in this volume. Among the most important contributors in this department we note the names of Professor Hummel, of the Yorkshire College, Leeds, who has earned the gratitude of all chemists by presenting a most elaborate and useful table for the detection of colours on dyed fabrics, and has also written the articles on Bleaching and Dyeing—the latter rather too short to be of much value—and of Professor Meldola, of the City and Guilds Institute, whose article on the Azo-Colouring Matters is a treatise in itself. Professor W. H. Perkin, jun., and Dr. Otto Witt have also rendered valuable aid. In other branches of organic chemistry help has been afforded by Dr. Bell, of Somerset House (Butter),

Mr. Friessell (Aniline, Benzene, &c.), Professor Japp, of the Normal School of Science, South Kensington (an excellent account of benzoic acid and many other articles), Professor Robinson, of Canton (Albuminoids), Dr. Senier (many pharmaceutical articles), Mr. Cornelius O'Sullivan, of Burton-on-Trent (Carbohydrates and several other articles, in which the author's special knowledge is displayed), Mr. Stoker, of Somerset House (Alcohol and Alcoholometry), Mr. Warrington (a valuable account of Cereals and the article on Citric Acid), and Mr. Wynne (Aurine).

Space forbids us to mention many most useful articles, but we cannot conclude without offering warm congratulations to Professor Thorpe on the success which is attending his great undertaking.

#### THE BARBARY CORSAIRS.\*

MOST people will experience something of surprise at finding the Barbary Corsairs included in the "Story of the Nations" series. Few probably realize that these North African States possess a continuous history extending over more than three centuries, and involving a record of shame and disgrace to European civilization; fewer still recollect that, even during the early years of the century now near its end, the naval powers of Europe condescended to pay blackmail for the protection of their commerce, while the wife of George IV. was for some hours a hostage at the mercy of the Bey of Tunis. Yet Mr. Lane-Poole gives an extensive list of authorities who have written on the subject, not only in English, but also in French, German, Italian, and Spanish; while the story has, in England, been brought down to our day by Consul-General Playfair's *Scourge of Christendom*, and in France has been exhaustively treated from a professional point of view in Admiral Jurien de la Gravière's admirably illustrated series of works on the *Derniers Jours de la Marine à Rames*. Mr. Lane-Poole's present volume is in some sense the natural sequel of his previous treatises on *The Moors in Spain* and on *Turkey*, both published in the above-mentioned series; its popular style, as well as the romantic nature of the exploits recounted in it, will attract attention to a discreditable page in history of which it is well that we should not lose sight.

Mr. Lane-Poole works out very well the leading idea of his introductory chapter—that the raids of the corsairs were the revenge of the Moors for their expulsion by Ferdinand and Isabella from the land which had been their home for seven hundred years. Driven from Spain, they established themselves along the opposite coast of the Mediterranean, the shoals and inlets of which lent themselves admirably to the exigencies of their light-draught cruisers. Unable to cope with the forces of Spain on land, the refugee Moriscos established themselves first as the allies, soon as the masters, of their milder Berber co-religionists, who were powerless, and probably little anxious, to enforce order with the strong hand. On the shores of Andalusia there were still many friends and countrymen of the exiles, who gave them timely warning of danger and information as to the weak points of the detested Spaniard. The riches acquired by the freebooters in the western basin of the Mediterranean soon attracted other adventurous spirits from more distant shores, and the state of affairs in the Levant developed the profession of piracy to an extent which it has never since attained. The original corsairs were private and independent adventurers, each owning but a single small vessel; a race of corsair admirals was now to arise who swept the Mediterranean with their fleets, and defied the power of Charles V. and of the republics of Genoa and Venice, their alliance being even at times courted by one or other of the Christian Powers. Up to this time, though piracy had existed in all parts of the Mediterranean, Christians preying on each other as well as on the Moslems, their doings were essentially private and unsupported by their respective States. The fall of Constantinople was soon succeeded by the rise of Turkish naval power in the Levant, and some of the Eastern buccaneers, finding themselves hampered by the predominance of the Sultan's fleet, sought a less interrupted field for their depredations. Attracted by news of the riches of the New World pouring in through the Pillars of Hercules, and by the tales of the successes of the Moorish corsairs, the galleots of the Levant soon crowded towards Barbary. The most celebrated of these Turkish corsairs were two brothers successively known to Europe under their nickname of Barbarossa. The elder, Urui, secured a base of operations at Tunis in 1504 by agreeing to share any booty with the Sultan of that place. He quickly commenced operations by boldly attacking two Papal galleys, each twice the size of his galleot, and brought them as prizes into Tunis; their crews supplied him with rowers; he started the system, which thenceforth prevailed down to the present century, of keeping his own men for fighting, and forcing his prisoners to work the oars. In five years he had a fleet of his own, and established himself first on the island of Jerba, and subsequently at Jijil, the inhabitants of which elected him as their king. He next, on the invitation of the Algerines, who were blockaded by the Spaniards, occupied Algiers, and, having driven away the Spaniards by sheer hard fighting, made himself Sultan of the whole of Middle Barbary. This aroused the Emperor

\* *The Barbary Corsairs*. By Stanley Lane-Poole. With Additions by Lieut. J. D. J. Kelley, U.S.N. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.



Charles V., who despatched ten thousand veterans to make an end of the bold corsair. They came up with Urúj when returning from a raid with only 1,500 men, and he was killed fighting bravely against overwhelming odds. The Spaniards did not pursue their victory, but retired from Algiers, and the mantle of Urúj fell on the shoulders of his younger brother, Kheyr-ed-din, who with equal courage possessed more statesmanlike intelligence. He sent an ambassador to Constantinople to lay the province of Algiers at the Sultan's feet, and was appointed Beglerbeg, or Governor-General; he lost no time in driving the Spaniards out of their remaining strongholds in Algeria, and his lieutenants scoured the sea in search of Christian quarry. The quarrels of the Genoese and Venetians had long been paving the way for the ascendancy of the Turkish navy in the Levant; the Ottoman galleys swept the Adriatic and ruined the Oriental trade of Venice. In Rhodes alone Christendom long had an outpost in the East, which the Knights of St. John held until 1522; in that year, after an heroic defence, they were driven out by Suleymán the Great, but permitted by him to retire unmolested. After some years they were allowed by Charles V. to settle at Malta, an admirable position for harassing the operations of the corsairs. In the Western Mediterranean affairs had assumed the position of a personal duel between Kheyr-ed-din and the great Genoese admiral, Andrea Doria, who, able to effect little against the Barbary corsairs, had yet always succeeded in mastering the Turks. Suleymán, anxious to learn the secret of Barbarossa's success, summoned him to Constantinople; the Algerine Governor-General spent the winter of 1553 there re-organizing the Ottoman navy, and was appointed High Admiral of Turkey. At the head of the Turkish fleet he next year took possession of Tunis, which, however, did not long remain in his hands, for Charles V. himself besieged and sacked it, though the Emperor's triumph was dimmed by the news that Kheyr-ed-din had meanwhile made a successful raid on Minorca. In 1537 the corsair admiral laid waste the Apulian coast, and devastated the isles of Greece, repeating these operations in the following year in the face of a superior fleet of the Emperor, Venice, and the Pope, commanded by his rival, Doria, who, however, declined battle. Francis I., who had made an alliance with Turkey against the Emperor, invited Barbarossa to Toulon; the infidel fleet wintered there, but Francis, ashamed of the alliance, was glad to rid himself of the old sea rover by loading his galleys with spoil. Barbarossa, after harrying the Italian coasts on the way, returned to Constantinople, and died there in 1546. Meanwhile, Charles V., incensed at finding his great empire harassed by such puny foes, determined to make an end of piracy by crushing its metropolis. Late in October 1541 he landed at Algiers at the head of all the chivalry of Spain, thinking to take it at a blow; but the season was too far advanced, a hurricane destroyed half his fleet and dispirited his troops, and he was forced to beat a shameful retreat, leaving the pirates more defiant than ever. Barbarossa's lieutenant, Dragut, kept up the terror of the corsair name. The Knights of St. John seemed to be the only power that dared to withstand the Moslem arms; they had fortified the rock of Malta in constant expectation of Suleymán's revenge. At length the day of reckoning came. Thirty thousand men, the pick of the Ottoman army, landed there in 1565 and invested the place, which was defended by seven hundred Knights and nine thousand mercenaries. The fort of St. Emol was taken by assault and every man of the small garrison slain, but its capture had cost the Turks eight thousand men as well as the great corsair Dragut. The main fort resisted their utmost efforts through the heroic defence of the aged Grand Master La Valette and his Knights, who held out for three months, till the place was relieved by the Spaniards. The Turks had been beaten on land, but still retained the command of the sea; they recaptured Tunis, and conquered Cyprus from the Venetians. Christendom was at length aroused, and the energy of Pius V. united the allied fleets in the Adriatic in 1571, and entrusted the sole command of it to Don John of Austria. He gave battle to the Turkish fleet in the Gulf of Lepanto, and inflicted on them a crushing defeat, which annihilated the naval supremacy of the Ottomans. Their prestige was gone, the age of the great corsairs was over; thenceforth there might be petty raids of a Bey of Tunis or a Dey of Algiers, but there was no great adventure such as Barbarossa or Dragut had led.

More is the shame that the Powers of Europe submitted for upwards of two centuries to carry on their commerce at the mercy of these insignificant rovers, and to see their sons sold into slavery to man the corsairs' galleys. The cruelties of a galley-slave's existence were appalling; and many of them, be it remembered, were men of gentle birth. Mr. Lane-Poole quotes from Admiral Jurien de la Gravière the following description, given by one who had himself toiled at the oar:—

Think of six men, chained to a bench, naked as when they were born, one foot on the stretcher, the other on the bench in front, holding an immensely heavy oar [fifteen feet long], bending forward to the stern with arms at full reach to clear the backs of the rowers in front, who bend likewise; and then, having got forward, shoving up the oar's end to let the blade catch the water, then throwing their bodies back on to the groaning bench. A galley-oar sometimes pulls thus for ten, twelve, or even twenty hours without a moment's rest. The boatswain, or other sailor, in such a stress, puts a piece of bread steeped in wine in the wretched rower's mouth to stop fainting, and then the captain shouts the order to redouble the lash. If a slave falls exhausted upon his oar (which often chances), he is flung till he is taken for dead, and then pitched unceremoniously into the sea.

This description applied no less to the Christian than to the Moslem galleys, until in the seventeenth century oars were gradually superseded by sails. The rivalries of the Christian Powers led to their abasement before the insolent savages, whom their selfish policy fed with bribes to spare their own commerce and attack that of their neighbours. The custom of giving presents lasted into the present century. Even the English Government would not support its own Consuls, who were frequently thrown into prison, and subjected to the vilest indignities by these petty tyrants. Barbary teemed with Christian captives, a few of whom were sometimes ransomed or escaped, but fresh captures more than made up the tale. To the United States belongs the credit of being the first to refuse the tribute demanded by the Barbary Powers. The Pasha of Tripoli chopped down the flag-staff of the American Consulate, but Commodore Preble, with a small United States squadron, forced him to sign a treaty freeing American ships from his rovers. This shamed the English Government, which at length despatched Lord Exmouth to obtain similar terms for British dependencies. He gained his point without a resort to arms at Tripoli and Tunis, but his demands were indignantly rejected at Algiers, and not until he had bombarded the city did the Dey give in. The insults were, however, repeated as soon as he had gone; so inveterate and ingrained had become the habit of exacting blackmail, owing to centuries of cringing subservience on the part of Europe, that nothing but the downright conquest of Algeria by the French finally put an end to the practice.

#### ARABELLA STUART.\*

OF the many who have suffered for the crime of having been born too near a throne, the Lady Arabella Stuart has surely the most romantic story and the strongest claim on our pity. As is fitting, she has found sympathetic biographers among her own sex; her life was briefly told by that graceful and prolific author, Miss Louisa Stuart Costello, it has more lately been made the subject of a conscientious memoir by Miss Cooper, who for the first time published a collection of her letters, and we now have a more complete Life, together with a far larger number of letters and other documents, from Miss E. T. Bradley, a daughter of the Dean of Westminster. While Miss Bradley is, as she acknowledges, much indebted to Miss Cooper's work, she has been able to make a decided advance upon it; she has drawn her narrative wholly from original sources, both in print and manuscript, even copying for herself from manuscripts which had already been copied by others, and has had access to materials unknown to former biographers. Her care to avail herself of everything which bears upon her subject, including some matters contained in Mr. Inderwick's recently published *Sidelights on the Stuarts*, is much to be commended, and so too are the fulness and precision of her references.

As the granddaughter of Margaret Douglas, Countess of Lennox, Arabella represented, after James of Scotland, the line of Margaret, the elder daughter of Henry VII. Her parents, Charles, Earl of Lennox, the brother of Darnley, and Elizabeth Cavendish, married without Queen Elizabeth's consent, and the Queen's wrath, which was always roused by such an offence, was, it is suggested, specially provoked by the belief that a reconciliation was on foot between the young bridegroom's mother and her daughter-in-law, Mary Queen of Scots. Arabella was the only child of the marriage; for her father died soon after her birth, and, as the Regent of Scotland refused to acknowledge her as heir to the earldom of Lennox, and the English estates of Matthew Stuart had been seized by the Crown, she and her mother were left in poor circumstances. Elizabeth granted the widowed Countess a pension of 400*l.* a year, with 200*l.* more for the maintenance of her child. When she was six years old Arabella lost her mother, and went to live with her maternal grandmother, the much-married "Bess of Hardwick," then the wife of her fourth and last husband, the Earl of Shrewsbury. The hard old Countess seems to have done her best for the poor child during her early years, and, according to Mary Queen of Scots, cherished the "vain hope of setting the crown of England on her head." Many marriages were proposed for her; Leicester hoped to obtain her hand for his infant son; Elizabeth, who treated her with neglect, had a plan for marrying her to James of Scotland; while the Roman Catholics hoped that she would marry Alexander Farnese, and would succeed to the throne. It is said that Papal emissaries were on the look-out to carry her off to the Continent, and a report was spread that she had become a Catholic. So far, however, from this being the case, she grew up with a strong leaning towards Puritanism. Nor does she seem ever to have concerned herself about her possible chance of succeeding to the throne, and never entered into or encouraged any plots. Her disposition was amiable and affectionate, and her kindness to the poor was commemorated after her death in a popular ballad. When she was in health and good spirits she seems to have been bright and lively, and some of her letters are pleasant reading. She was a learned and studious young lady, and liked books

\* *Life of the Lady Arabella Stuart*. In Two Parts. Containing a Biographical Memoir, and a Collection of her Letters, with Notes and Documents from Original Sources relating to her History. By E. T. Bradley. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

better than any kind of gaiety. As soon, however, as she became her own mistress she showed that she was inordinately fond of dress, and was extravagant in her expenditure. Miss Bradley allows that she was self-willed and obstinate, and her obstinacy was combined with a tendency to hysteria, which was so strong that, at two periods of her life, when she was in great distress, her mind more or less gave way. The first of these periods began in 1602. She was then twenty-seven, and was anxious to escape the control of her grandmother; for, according to her own statement, she was "hardly used in despicable and disgraceful words, being bold, and her most plagued withal, which she could not endure," and was, it is said, often seen to burst into tears, "being at her book." In order to get away from the old Countess, she sent a message to the Earl of Hertford, expressing her willingness to marry one of his grandsons, either William Seymour, then a mere lad, whom she afterwards married, or his elder brother. The scheme was of special importance, for Elizabeth's health was failing, and the Seymours were descended from the younger daughter of Henry VII. There is, however, no reason to believe that she had a political motive for her proposal; the marriage had been talked about before, and she turned to the idea as a means of release from a life which she had begun, rightly or wrongly, to feel insupportable. When she was questioned about her attempt by a Commissioner sent by the Council, she wrote long and incoherent letters—one of them takes up twenty-two pages of print—in which she made constant references to an unnamed, and apparently non-existing, lover, and, when urged to say who he was, would only reply "the King of Scots." We cannot agree with Miss Bradley's idea that she deliberately invented this "mysterious lover," in order to "create a scandal, and so escape from her grandmother's keeping." It seems clear that she was in a thoroughly morbid state of mind, and probably of body also, and was virtually out of her wits. The special turn which her disordered imagination apparently took is by no means extraordinary; for—to name one reason only—many more proposals for her marriage than we have noted had been set afoot, and she must have had the subject constantly before her. The fact that a rather unintelligible scandal had lately been set afloat about her and a chaplain named Starkey, who hanged himself, may perhaps—though she was perfectly innocent in the affair—have some bearing on her mental condition. Starkey had J. A. S. engraved on a Bible which she gave him, and scandal-mongers said that the letters stood for John and Arabella Stuart or Starkey. We are told here that J. A. were "the initials of Starkey's two first names"; but do not find what A. stood for, and it does not appear to have struck Miss Bradley as strange that he should have had "two first names." From the copy of Starkey's confession, which is printed here, we are inclined, in default of evidence to the contrary, to believe that Starkey ordered the letters Jo. to be engraved on the book and that the engraver made a mistake. At any rate, we may accept the poor man's solemn declaration: "God is my witness I intended nothing but my name." Lady Shrewsbury's conduct towards Arabella is severely condemned, and there can be no doubt that she was not the right sort of person to be entrusted with the bringing up of an orphaned girl or with the management of an hysterical young lady. At the same time it must be allowed that her patience—on all occasions of the shortest—was severely tried by her granddaughter.

Arabella's health and spirits returned when, at Cecil's instigation, James allowed her to come to Court and granted her a pension. She received many marks of royal favour, and when the Spanish plot—a matter which should have been treated here at greater length—was discovered, her innocence was at once admitted. The ways of the Court did not suit her; she wearied of the perpetual hunting, and despised its other less seemly sports. In one of her letters, which is, no doubt, familiar to many of her readers, she describes how, when the Court was at Winchester during the trial of Raleigh, she was obliged to take part "in certain child-plays remembered by the fair ladies, viz. 'I pray, my lord, give me a course in your park'; 'Rise pig, and go'; 'One penny, follow me, &c.'" Such romps as these disgusted Arabella, who was accustomed to set apart certain hours "every day for lecture, reading, and hearing services and preaching." Yet this quietly disposed young lady was always in debt; she constantly clamoured to the King for fresh grants of money and monopolies, and spent extravagant sums on dresses and jewels. Her love of finery remained with her to the end, and even when a prisoner in the Tower she ordered four gowns to be made for her, of which one was to cost 1,500*l*. At the age of thirty-five she secretly married William Seymour, who was twelve years younger than herself. Miss Bradley has given an interesting account of the persecution which this marriage brought upon her. There can be no doubt that, if she had borne a child by Seymour, it would have been used by James's enemies as a means of annoying him; for it would have inherited the claim of the house of Suffolk, together with the claim which had been advanced in 1602 on behalf of Arabella. It had been asserted that, as Arabella was born in England, she had a better right to represent the line of Margaret, the elder daughter of Henry VII., than the Scottish King, while the claim of the Suffolk line rested on the devise of the Crown made by Henry VIII. in pursuance of an Act of Parliament. It is true that, at the time of the marriage, the country would have resisted any attempt against the King; and it is certain that Arabella had no political intention in marrying Seymour. But James was timid; and, when his fears were aroused, he

never gave any weight to considerations of justice or mercy. When he told Arabella that she was at liberty to marry any of his subjects, he had not thought of the possibility of her choosing Seymour; and he determined to treat her and her husband as Elizabeth had treated Seymour's grandparents, Katharine Grey and the Earl of Hertford. Finding that they managed, while in confinement, to hold some intercourse with each other, he ordered that Arabella should be carried off to Durham. When the attempt was made to take her away, her health broke down; she became violently hysterical, and it is evident that actual force was used to compel her to enter her litter. It was a miserable and shameful business, and it ended ineffectually; for she became so ill that it was impossible to carry her further than East Barnet. The story of her escape is well told; she was captured because she insisted on delaying the ship which was to take her to Calais in the hope of being joined by her husband. Miss Bradley is anxious to make us believe that Arabella did not become permanently insane during her imprisonment in the Tower, and "prefers to believe" that she was merely subject to "temporary alienations." She adds, "For ourselves, we believe"—it is to be wished that so praiseworthy an author had avoided the vulgarity of referring to herself as "we" in a book published with her name on the title-page—"that these fits of so-called madness resembled the hysterical attacks to which she had been subject" in 1603. No doubt this is, in a measure, true. All the same, however, that we know about Arabella's condition towards the close of her life is that she had "fallen into some indisposition of body and mind," and that it was understood in 1613 that "her brain continued still crack't." We see no reason to disbelieve these statements. In the case of a person of highly hysterical temperament, insanity would surely be the natural result of misery, disappointment, and solitude. Moreover, in Arabella's case it is certain that pre-existent hysteria was aggravated until it ended in a condition which cannot clearly be distinguished from insanity; for her death, which took place in 1615, was pronounced by the doctors to have, partly at least, been caused by her own "negligence and refusal of remedies," and to have been accelerated by "lying in bed." The cruel treatment meted out by James to this innocent and defenceless woman, his own near relative, is one of the worst of the many blots which stain the memory of that unmanly and unkingly king.

#### THE LIFE OF W. LLOYD GARRISON. VOLS. III. AND IV.\*

LIKE their predecessors, these two concluding volumes of Garrison's *Life* are by no means so interesting as they ought to be; the authors have not used their materials discreetly, and have evidently not attempted to select or digest them. They might easily have made Garrison the central figure in a fairly complete narrative of the Anti-Slavery movement in the United States, and, while presenting us with a valuable contribution to American history, need not have neglected anything really worth knowing about him. Unfortunately, they seem to have adopted the idea that the whole duty of a biographer is to set down anything and everything which he knows about his subject; their book is tedious, and contains far too many speeches and protests of much the same import. Yet it has one redeeming feature; no one who reads it attentively can fail to gain a clear idea as to what manner of man Garrison was. We do not mean to imply that his children have written about him in an impartial spirit; that would, perhaps, be more than could fairly be expected of them. Filial piety, however, did not require them to imitate their father's violence to the extent of describing one of his opponents as a "truly Satanic Scotchman." Nevertheless, in spite of their extreme partisanship, it is not difficult to put together a satisfactory picture of Garrison, partly from what they tell us about him, and partly from those of his letters and speeches which they have printed here. As the first two volumes of his *Life* have already been reviewed in these columns (*Saturday Review*, July 31, 1886), we shall in this article confine ourselves to the two now before us.

That Garrison was a man of much natural ability and strength of character is clear from the influence which he exercised on the minds of a vast number of his fellow-countrymen. He created, as John Bright said, "that opinion which has made slavery hateful in America." That he was courageous, honest, and unselfish, we think, equally beyond question. As regards his courage, we are inclined to lay more stress on his cheerful perseverance in his work in the midst of difficulties and anxieties of all kinds than on his behaviour at special moments; for the utmost violence which he had to meet during the years under our consideration was not more than sometimes falls to the lot of a candidate for Parliamentary election; a fist was shaken in his face, or his shirt-front was spoilt by a rotten egg. He was firmly convinced of the importance of his own opinions. Whatever seemed to him to be right was, right, and any one who acted otherwise thereby proved himself, as he said of Henry Clay, "ready to have body and soul cast into hell." When slavery was completely abolished in the United States, he gave a decisive

\* William Lloyd Garrison, 1805-1879; the *Story of his Life told by his Children*. Vols. III. and IV. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: The Century Company.



proof that he had worked solely for the good of others by declaring, in opposition to the majority of his friends, that the Anti-Slavery Society ought to be dissolved, and by discontinuing the publication of the *Liberator*. At the same time he was decidedly vain. According to his own account, his remarks at a meeting in Exeter Hall "frequently stung to the quick, and the snakes hissed and twisted as though they felt that the hour of doom had come." We should like to have the version of the snakes, the members of the Evangelical Alliance. His self-conceit and ignorance led him to protest against the belief in a visible Church, and the institution of a Christian Ministry, and, finally, to reject the cardinal doctrine of Christianity. Of course, he was not content to keep his opinions to himself; and not only took every opportunity of expressing them in public, but allowed his friends to write about religious matters in the *Liberator* in such offensive terms as to call forth a well-deserved rebuke from Mrs. Beecher Stowe. He was the moving spirit in Anti-Sabbath and Bible Conventions, in Women's Rights Meetings, and many other assemblies which had nothing to do with slavery. Every fad found in him a ready advocate, and he was quite in his element when discoursing on the equality of the sexes before an audience composed of his female adherents, some of whom wore Bloomer costume. He was much taken with total abstinence, "phonography and phonotypy," spiritualism, and many other follies, and was a large consumer of quack medicines. During his last visit to England he meddled, with his customary officiousness and dogmatism, in the mischievous and unsavoury agitation connected with the name of Mrs. Josephine Butler, who appears in these volumes, and was especially insistent that the subject of the agitation ought to be discussed in mixed companies of men and women. As his head was full of so many fads, it is not surprising to find one of his friends complaining that he neglected his work as editor of the *Liberator*, and was wanting in "industry, application, and method." The paper, however, was not run to pay, but for purposes of propaganda, and the Abolitionists made up deficiencies in its balance-sheets. As a speaker he seems to have had a fairly ready wit and a considerable flow of words; he was familiar, unctuous, utterly without taste, and, according to our ideas, frequently profane. In a chapter headed "The Rynders Mob" a great deal is made of an interruption which took place during one of his anti-slavery meetings at New York. Our sympathies are certainly not with Garrison, who, besides provoking a row by jeering at the religious opinions of the President of the United States, was guilty of senseless profanity. It never seems to have occurred to him that a speaker who wilfully shocks the feelings of his audience has only himself to thank if he provokes a disturbance. He took two or three men of colour with him on his lecturing tours, and made one of them, called Douglass, his fellow-lecturer. Douglass was a runaway slave, whose freedom had been purchased by English Abolitionists, and Garrison exclaims against the "brutality" of the whites, who refused to let a "nigger" lecture to them or to sit down at table with him. This tour was in 1847, when it was regarded, at least in some Northern towns, as an "act of unparalleled audacity" for a coloured man to address a meeting of whites. With Garrison the notion of the equality of races was so sacred an article of faith—he never troubled himself about reason—that he was roused to fury in 1879 by Blaine's Bill for restricting Chinese immigration, and declared that it exhibited a "local hatred in its climax reaching to the diabolical."

When the attacks which were made on slavery led to a determined demand on the part of Southern politicians for the annexation of Texas, in order to strengthen the slave-holding interest, Garrison advocated the dissolution of the Union. In a long rigmarole, stuffed with quotations from the Bible—for though he was an unbeliever as regards most things in which he ought to have believed, he constantly wrote and spoke like a Methodist preacher—he pronounced the Union "blood-cemented," "a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell," and pointed out that it might be, and ought to be, set aside. The consent of the Southern States was not necessary; if they refused to abandon slavery, it was the duty of the Northerners to abandon them. When they seceded he was for letting them go at any cost; even if they demanded the capital he would let them have it "without a struggle," for he believed that it was absurd to think "of whipping the South into subjection." Before long, however, he declared, violent "non-resistant" as he had always been, that he rejoiced in the war, because he saw that it meant the redemption of the North "from the power of the rebel traitors." His feelings about the war were not; he pleaded, inconsistent with his former demand for the dissolution of the Union. The old Union was broken up; its restoration "with its pro-slavery compromises" was almost impossible, and he regarded the conflict as between "the civilization of freedom and the barbarism of slavery." Among the incidents in his anti-slavery struggle to which special prominence is given in these volumes are his disputes with Father Mathew and Kossuth. Father Mathew had, while in Ireland, signed a protest against slavery, and when he came to the United States Garrison and his friends presented him with a flattering and fervid address urging him to take part in their agitation. This he flatly refused to do; for he considered that it would injure the cause which he came to plead, and page after page of the *Liberator* was filled with the "great moral lesson of the Apostle's fall." Nor would Kossuth, who landed in America in 1852, be beguiled into injuring the suc-

cess of his own schemes by meddling in the domestic affairs of a foreign country, and on him, too, Garrison, who certainly had no sympathy with a desire to refrain from meddling, poured out the vials of his wrath. He never made allowance for any one who for any reason did not commit himself to immediate and unconditional abolition. Lincoln's address in 1861 of course displeased him highly, and he pronounced the President "incapable of uttering a humane or generous sentiment respecting the enslaved millions in our land." Before the election of 1864 he had learnt to make a juster estimate of Lincoln's character, and opposed the attempt of his friend Phillips and other violent Abolitionists to secure Fremont's election. He saw the reward of his labours in the complete abolition of slavery in the United States, and was recognized both at home and in England as "the liberator of the slaves." Although he defended Lincoln's refusal to enforce the immediate political enfranchisement of the freed blacks of Louisiana, he had no doubt as to the future of the class to which they belonged. He believed that the freedmen showed signs of industry and thrift, that the abolition of slavery would be followed in the South by the disappearance of what he called "color-phobia," and that "black men would win their way to wealth, distinction, eminence, and official station." His anticipations have not been fulfilled; for, as Mr. Bruce has pointed out in his *Plantation Negro as a Freedman*, the negroes in the South are sinking into a state of primitive barbarism, and their presence in the States is proving itself the most serious difficulty with which the Government has to contend. If the black man is, as Garrison asserted, the equal of the white, his relapse, which every year becomes more decided, into savagery must be reckoned a wilful offence against the civilized society round him. After Garrison had seen the great work of his life brought to a triumphant conclusion, and had been fitted in the United States, in England, and elsewhere, he occupied himself chiefly in writing for newspapers. He always took an honest pride in his skill as a printer, and when over seventy celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his apprenticeship by going to the *Herald* office at Newburyport, where he had learnt his trade, and setting three of his own poems in nonpareil type, which he did without a single error in the first proof. His poems, as far as we can judge of them from the samples given here, seem to have been singularly prosaic; indeed, his biographers observe that his "poetical talent was conditioned by the reformer's needs." His last years were saddened by the death of his wife, who was evidently an admirable woman. He and his children owed much to her; for, while he went about lecturing, she devoted all her energies to providing for his household without getting into debt, to the care of his children and to their education—a matter about which he seems to have been careless. Full particulars are given of Garrison's home-life, of his tastes, character, and habits. The impression which we have gained about him from his children's book is not in all respects that which they intended to convey. To us he seems to have been conceited, narrow-minded, and violent; but, nevertheless, in spite of numerous faults, foibles, and mistakes, a man to be remembered with honour, for he lived and worked for others with remarkable singleness of aim and unflinching devotion. He entered, as the voluntary champion of wronged and suffering humanity, into a conflict in which for years victory seemed hopeless, and carried it on, standing sometimes almost alone, until he saw the cause which he had in hand crowned with full and lasting success.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

**THE Authari-Sage** (1) is bravely sung in many metres, through many changing scenes. It is spirited, except when the Lombard Poet-Laureate, one Friedegar, is allowed to delay its action by prolonged twanging of harp-strings and much interpolated libretto. It is musical; it is picturesque; it breathes the warlike spirit of the early middle ages; it is suggestive of the transitional stage which preceded the blending of Teuton strength with Latin and Greek culture; it affects no archaism of language, for which we cannot be sufficiently grateful; but is it a Saga?

Was düstert, was flüstert im Schatten der Nacht?  
Was reitet, was schreiet verstohlen und facht?

It is hard to refrain from quoting the whole of these beautiful opening stanzas:—

Wer führt durch die heilige Mitternachtszeit  
Ein kriegerisch Heer durch die Wälder?

To which we have to reply in the mode we have in common with M. Jourdain: No less a person than Flavius Authari, on his way to avenge the new-fledged majesty of Lombardy of Frankish insult and breach of faith. Then, after due spilling of blood, division of spoil, and feasting in high places, comes the wooing of Dietlinde (Theodelinda) by Authari, disguised as his own envoy. So consistent is the costuming, so happy the historic illusion of the greater part of Herr Hellmund's epic, so impressive the description of the Court of Garibald, so charming the impression conveyed to us of his daughter's domestic virtues and woodland graces, that we wonder he should have permitted his sixth-

(1) *Authari-Sage*. Von G. Hellmund. Leipzig: Artur Seemann.

century Bavarian princess to be discovered in her garden by the Lombard king singing—what do you think?—*Trallala, trallala*. At this juncture the loves of Authari and Dietlinde are doubled by those of Irmentraut, the goose-girl, and the Thüringian Prince Siegbert. This harmless episode is dragged in by the hair, and told in verse that would have been creditable to Mr. Martin Tupper. It contributes, with the ballads—historical and sentimental—sung in the same canto by the irrepressible Friedegar, Gunduald (Dietlinde's brother), Dietlinde herself, Siegbert, and Agilulf (known to history as Theodelinda's second husband), to mar the unity of the poem. The splendour of the nuptials, the pageants of Dietlinde's departure and of her triumphant entry into Pavia, her struggle with her ever-growing passion for Duke Ewin, in whom, as he lifts her from her horse at the foot of his palace stair, she discovers Authari, are incidents to which the poet owes so much of his best inspiration that in the glow and beauty of the climax we can well afford to forgive the tedium of an unnecessary interlude.

Count Bodin (2), a distinguished traveller and explorer, is dangerously wounded at the gates of a North-German rectory by the brother of a woman, whose betrayer he resembles in appearance, in a fit of drunken vengeance. Rector Wahrmund, an eloquent monomaniac, refuses shelter to this victim of mistaken identity, whom he suspects of having cherished an inordinate admiration for Gerda, the late Frau Wahrmund. Bodin is carried to the opposite house of one Paulsen, the ostensible writer (in the first person singular) of Herr Frenzel's psychological romance. There he lies for weeks between life and death. The confidences interchanged with his host, his longing for her presence and desire to provide for her before he dies, although he knows Wahrmund's daughter to be sufficiently well dowered with this world's goods, Paulsen's hesitation as to whether he is justified in bringing the two together, partly reveal to the reader the mystery of the Lutheran clergyman's want of Christian charity. These considerations do not, however, prevent Paulsen from giving Marie Wahrmund, who is mortified by her father's inhospitality, daily news of his patient's progress. When he can tell her of Bodin's probable recovery, he tells her of his own love, a declaration which is interrupted by the oracular mutterings of Wahrmund on the dangers of heredity, and capped by his grudging consent. Wahrmund, when alone with his daughter, denounces her mother in one of his inopportune bursts of eloquence, thereby causing Marie to rush in dismay into the house of her betrothed, and to appear in Bodin's bedroom in the character of a somewhat forbidding angel. She is followed by Wahrmund, to whom the sick man raises an appealing hand and murmurs the word "Forgive." Wahrmund is forthwith delivered of a torrent of fluent and expressive invective, which is accentuated by his sudden death. When his corpse is carried into an adjoining room, Bodin passes through a crisis which leads to perfect recovery. All would be well had not Marie, who by a law of heredity had always been inclined to seek midday at fourteen o'clock, declined to have anything further to do with the unoffending Paulsen. The catastrophe is tersely and vigorously told, and of a nature to clear the atmosphere. It misses fire, not only because the preceding narrative moves so slowly and ponderously, but because of the singularly perverse logic it is too evidently intended to enforce.

*Jesus Immanuel's göttliche Liebes-Geschichte* (3) is a reprint of the original Amsterdam edition of 1705 of the work of the self-dubbed "Theosophic Cultor" Nikolaus Ixheer. It is a quaint attempt at elucidation of the mystery of the Trinity and of other mysteries, wherein the theosophic mind, unlike the angelic, fears not to disport itself; one of those echoes of eighteenth-century neo-Christian mysticism apt to ring upon the ear of an unregenerate generation, even as the voice of Mumbo Jumbo in the mountain.

#### FIVE BOOKS ON PHYSICAL SCIENCE.\*

THE subject of heat seems to command more and more attention among teachers of natural science. The phenomena are intimately related to our every-day experience at many points, and as a branch of physics it can be treated scientifically in an elementary class, without a knowledge of chemistry. For such a course of instruction Mr. Madan's text-book is well adapted. It is simple and practical, giving not only an explanation of the ordinary phenomena of heat, but the detailed results of its application to the arts and manufactures. A large selection of experiments accompanies the bookwork, with sufficient directions

(2) *Wahrheit*. Nouvelle von Karl Frenzel. Berlin: Verlagshandel der deutschen Rundschau.

(3) *Jesus Immanuel's göttliche Liebes-Geschichte*, von der Geburt und Erschaffung, Wiedergeburt und Erneuerung. Billigheim bei J. Busch.

\* *Elementary Treatise on Heat*. By H. G. Madan, M.A., Fellow of Queen's Coll., Oxford. London: Rivingtons.

*Glennings in Science: a Series of Popular Lectures*. By Gerald Molloy, D.D., D.Sc., Rector of the Catholic University of Ireland. London: Macmillan & Co.

*Physics of the Earth's Crust*. By Rev. O. Fisher, M.A., Rector of Hariton. London: Macmillan & Co.

*Modern Views of Electricity*. By O. J. Lodge, D.Sc., F.R.S., Professor in University College, Liverpool. London: Macmillan & Co.

*The Invisible Powers of Nature*. By E. M. Caillard. London: John Murray.

to secure their successful execution. In chap. x. pp. 367-420 we note a well-digested account of the principal heat-engines. The treatise concludes with a set of exercises occupying fourteen pages and a good index rerum.

Dr. Molloy publishes a book which combines many of the more interesting results of recent scientific inquiry with historical notes and some gossip. The author appositely quotes Mr. Ruskin's saying that "the great scientific men have no time to popularize their discoveries; and, if we can make pictures of the things which Science describes, we shall find the service a worthy one." The first two lectures illustrate fully the modern theory of heat, and especially the phenomena of latent heat. In tracing the present definition of heat historically, however, we think the anticipation of Lord Bacon ought to be mentioned, where he says (*Nov. Org. ii. 20*):—"Intelligatur quod ipissimus calor sit motus et nihil aliud." Dr. Molloy has also several lectures on electricity, the storage of electrical energy, and electric light as recently utilized. The experiments and practical illustrations are, for the most part, well adapted to show clearly and precisely how many familiar phenomena prove the scientific principles which are being discussed. There are two lectures on the sun as a storehouse of energy; the first describing graphically the immensity of the physical power derived by our planet alone, the second setting forth the two leading hypotheses as to the source of the solar energy. The main objections to Sir William Thomson's theory of the collision of meteoric bodies being stated, Dr. Molloy gives a good abstract of the compression-theory of Professor Helmholtz—namely, that by the condensation of the sun's matter gravitation is constantly developing new heat to make good that which passes off by radiation. The nebular theory is naturally adduced in this connexion, affording as it does another consideration in favour of the well-founded hypothesis of Helmholtz. In the concluding lecture Dr. Molloy devotes forty pages to the Alpine glaciers, their formation and motion, with interesting notices of the observations of scientific men and travellers; and an important reference to the "new language" furnished to geologists for reading "some curious chapters in the past history of our globe."

In the second edition of his work on what may be termed the great question of physical geography Mr. Fisher has somewhat modified a few of his former conclusions, while advancing new arguments to support others. He admits that there is an increase of temperature in descending depths near the earth's surface, but concludes that the law of increase cannot continue uniform to very great depths, and that the interior is stratified, consisting of layers, each of equable density; and that the density is greater towards the centre. After adapting Sir W. Thomson's formula for the temperature within the crust "to the case of a crust which is still in the course of formation through progressive solidification," Mr. Fisher concludes that the age of the world is much less than geology presupposes—not more than eleven millions of years, if the crust is no more than twenty-five miles thick; and that for that thickness "the liquid stratum which underlies it cannot be inert." Further conclusions are that the sub-oceanic crust dips more deeply into the substratum than the continental crust, and is denser in the lower than in the upper portions; that convection currents exist in the molten substratum which will in certain circumstances be "rendered volcanic." In the concluding chapter, after observing that the great ocean lies in a depression, Mr. Fisher seems inclined to support Professor G. Darwin's conjectural hypothesis that the breaking off of the moon from the earth some fifty million years ago affords a reasonable explanation of the great submarine basin, since the mass of our satellite is "such that a cavity about forty miles deep, extending over the oceanic areas, would have supplied the requisite material."

In the "Nature Series" we now find a well-written manual on electricity from the present standpoint. The author's object seems mainly to be to establish the most recent doctrine of electricity—namely, that it is a form of ether, as heat is a form of energy or mode of motion. The author avoids the use of technical terms, and discusses some of the most abstruse results obtained by Clerk-Maxwell and Sir W. Thomson without using any mathematical formulæ. As magnetism is now defined to be electricity in whirling motion, so light is electricity in vibration or radiation. Mr. Lodge's manual must be useful in bridging over the gap between the usual text-books and the higher speculations on the nature of ether and light, the conceptions of electricity, elasticity and matter, and their mutual relationship.

The recent general improvement in text-books for teaching elementary science leaves but little room for amateur authors in that department. One before us, on *The Invisible Powers of Nature*, will scarcely prevail with trained teachers in making them neglect such books as the "Science Primers," by Balfour Stewart and similar writers, referred to in the preface of this diffusely-written work. Although carefully written, we note some inaccuracies; but the most salient fault is the devotion of a book of 260 pages to the properties of matter and certain laws of dynamics and optics, without a single diagram to illustrate, and only the most meagre suggestion of an experiment here and there. Yet the book is written for the use of children who are beginning a subject which is based on the most abstract terms and recondite laws.



## MR. F. C. BURNAND'S LATEST.\*

IT was inevitable that Mr. H. M. Stanley, as the hero of the day, should inspire the burlesque spirit of Mr. F. C. Burnand. The result of that impression is an extremely amusing little book, a little book that should have not fewer readers than the great book of the week, as it is one of Mr. Burnand's happiest conceptions, inimitably droll, profoundly delightful, overrunning with capital jokes and the most excellent fooling imaginable. So wild, so unrestrained, so fearless a frolic as this narrative of the rival showman of Central Africa, Mr. Burnand has not produced in these latter days. The history, the geography, the natives of the Dark Continent, as described in Mr. Stanley's letters, become wondrously translated in Mr. Burnand's exploration of the *Keep it Quite Darkest Africa*. The great traveller, when he next undertakes discoveries, should take the book with him and rank it with that copy of Burns of comfortable memory. It will lighten the shades of the equatorial forest for him. Indeed, he might be in much worse case than to be pursued by Mr. Burnand's puns through all the forests of Africa. With such puns and quips and shrewd satiric strokes—"so many and so merry and such glee"—the effect is overwhelming, and the thought of selection impossible. And so, too, is it with the burlesque of the Emin Relief expedition, so admirably sportive and spontaneous. Whimsical scenes and incongruous episodes, rich in ludicrous suggestion, succeed so rapidly in the narrative, that one seems to share in a wild and never-failing revel, from which no one solitary example of humour can be selected as pre-eminent without wronging a host of rivals. The account of the thievish pigmies, "a sort of infant public school," an addition to the party that caused "a good deal of subtraction"; the dread revelation of "Tippoo Tip"; the exquisite description of the contest of skill between the great traveller and the Eminent Pasha; the "scratch company" of the latter, "a happy family" of birds and animals, with their ballet of *Flora and Fauna*—these are of the first order of diversions, very gay, very foolish indeed. The dismay of H. M. S. after contracting partnership with the Eminent One on realizing the nature of the German show is exceedingly comic. "Pasha," I said sternly, 'your ballet of *Flora and Fauna*, danced by—whom—' "skippers," and accompanied by a cats' concert, I call a swindle." "Nein, nein, Herr Tuffy," he replied unflinched, 'your Welsh blood is up and makes you illogical, not to say ungrammatical. When you heard of *Flora and Fauna*, what did you expect to see but several plants? Well, there are some small ones, and they are included in a regular Plant.' "Plant," I exclaimed; "Hoax, I call it; a forest of hoax!" Very good, throughout, is the unconscious humour of the self-revelation of character in the Eminent Pasha and H. M. S. Some excellent competitions of wits are exhibited in the dialogues. The adroit parrying of the imperturbable Pasha and the ingenious "pumping" of his reliever, whose astuteness is well matched for once, are combined in scenes of perfect burlesque. Delightful, again, is the following entry from the diary of the discoverer, in which the origin of the Relief Fund and expedition is excellently caricatured:—"What shall I suggest doing? I can't start to find Livingstone again. I should start with a vengeance, if I did find him. Wish I could! Livingstone didn't want to be found, and could have been perfectly happy if I had let him alone. However, if there is only some one, I'm the man to find him, and I don't care two straws whether he wants to be discovered or not." The topography and nomenclature of the book are constant sources of fun. There are the Ballidarassas, who inhabit the skirts of the forest; the Boschessmen, who offer board without lodging; the Jamsatis and Marmar Lahdi, in the Shukari district; and that accommodating chieftain of the Kabba country, Growla Kabbe and his lively son Aizum. But the humours of the book are a genuinely organic process. The distinction, the chief charm of the narrative, lies in the free development of the burlesque idea. In burlesque, pure and simple, Mr. Burnand has seldom so convincingly proved his powers as in this lively sketch.

We all know the book of "Happy Thoughts," of happy memory. With it and with the book above noticed may rank the delightful sketches of Continental watering-places, tourists, and towns collected from the pages of *Punch* under the title *Very Much Abroad*. Here are the amusing "Boompje Papers," the brilliant pictures of life in Monte Carlo, Nice, and Switzerland, and, crowning all, the admirable and delectable pictures of La Bourboule and Royat in the height of the season. The book is altogether the best of holiday-books. The illustrations perfectly accord with the humours of the author. The foreign tourists, waiters, invalids, and other folk are among the best of Mr. Keene's or Mr. Linley Sambourne's portraiture. No one can now say that the English abroad is a subject only for French treatment. "L'Anglais pour rire"; the English tourist shouting, like Sam Weller, "Tenez le pot bullyawnt!" in foreign company on a mountain "slip"; and the exquisite drawing, "Cold without," of the French and the English tourists on the top of the Rigi, are a few convincing examples. Some of the punning illustrations are worthy of association with Hood's *Whims and Oddities*. "Over!" indeed, is a variant of one of Hood's own—

the star-gazer stopping by a precipice, observing, "There will be a fall of some sort to-night"; but "Dropping in for a nice thing"—two horrified tourists slipping into a crevasse—is as good and fresh as anything could be, and the book is full of sketches quite as admirable.

## NIAGARA SPRAY.\*

NIAGARA SPRAY is a rather amusing salmagundi of gossip, much of which the public has already had an opportunity of reading in various newspapers. The "justification" of its appearance in the form of a book, the author hopes, will be found in the fact that "it records in a compact form many things that may be useful to the men who will one day compile a great Encyclopedia of London." Consequently we find some remarks anent the state of the Strand at midnight and a great deal of discussion of the licensing laws, both in their connexion with beer and with stage plays. Most people would be surprised to learn that Covent Garden and Her Majesty's Theatre, when used for "Promenade Concerts," are, in the eye of the law, "disorderly houses," and that all their visitors are technically subject to arrest under a police warrant.

Mr. Hollingshead's essay on the evolution of the modern music-hall from the "Cider Cellars" and "Caves of Harmony" of our forefathers appeared in the *St. James's Gazette* in the month of May last, and was followed by a lively discussion in which many veterans seized the opportunity of airing their recollections of "Paddy" Green, Von Joel, and all the personnel and outward appearance of what Thackeray has immortalized under the title of "The Back Kitchen." From these humble beginnings arose the two "Titans of Leicester Square," as the author absurdly calls the Alhambra and the Empire. *A propos* of what the proper definition of a stage play may be, we may remark that, on this question being raised in the year 1866, "an agitation was begun, a Parliamentary Committee was obtained, evidence was given and taken, and a Report was published in a Blue-book recommending that music-halls should be allowed more freedom in the selection of their entertainments." Yet, in spite of this, the Act regulating the performance of stage plays still remains nominally in force, though the programme of almost every music-hall in London contains at least one "sketch" which differs in no respect save length from a regular play.

People love to read about what Dickens, Thackeray, and Wilkie Collins ate and drank, and here they will find many piquant stories of their private life. A most interesting chapter to all theatre-goers should be that which is oddly styled "The Gaiety Francais," where the utter lack of critical power shown by the British public is emphatically expressed by the words of M. Got. "Last night," he said, "when *she* [Sarah Bernhardt] played you saw the house; to-night, when *she* is not playing, you will see the difference. What is the use of our wonderful *ensemble*, our historical reputation, and our classical masterpieces, when we are at the mercy of an idol, made by the public in a couple of nights?" A proof of this was given on Saturday, July 1, 1879, when, in consequence of the sudden illness of Mme. Bernhardt, *L'Etrangère* could not be performed. There was over 500*l.* in the house. A hasty conference was held, and it was decided to do *Tartufe*. *Tartufe* was played as only that company could play it, and only 84*l.* of the 500*l.* remained to see it.

The gates on the Bedford and other adjoining estates are now doomed, and the inhabitants of the quiet squares and streets in Bloomsbury will soon be exposed to the full stream of traffic in a frankly democratic sense. They will certainly lose much, and whether the public will obtain any corresponding advantage remains to be seen. The streets leading from Covent Garden to the Strand are sometimes blocked with vegetable carts, but very few people ever wish to drive through them in cabs or carriages, because they really do not lead to any quarter of London to which cabs and carriages ordinarily go. Yet Mr. Hollingshead bitterly rails at the impassable character of the streets adjoining Covent Garden as though his own personal comfort was seriously impeded thereby. The article is a reprint from *Punch*, where most people probably laughed at it when it appeared, some time ago, and forgot all about it save the name of "Mud Salad Market." In the year 1890, with a London County Council in power, and new thoroughfares into the Strand looming in the not very distant future, the question of the existence of Covent Garden Market in its present form may, perhaps, be raised. *Non nostrum est*. We prefer to read Mr. Hollingshead when he tells us of the sayings and doings of clever people, both on and off the stage, or chats with us in the form of novelettes, though here we must remind him that before decorating a foolish character in one of his sketches with a title, it was his duty to have looked through a peerage, and seen that he did not appropriate for this purpose one already in existence. The book is, doubtless, a thing of shreds and patches; but there is much diverting chit-chat to be found in it, and there is not a word about Niagara in it from one end to the other.

\* *Niagara Spray*. By John Hollingshead. London: Chatto & Windus, 1890.

\* *A New Light Thrown Across the Keep it Quite Darkest Africa*. By F. C. Burnand. London: Trischler & Co.

*Very Much Abroad*. By F. C. Burnand. London: Bradbury, Agnew, & Co.

## FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE historian of the house of Burgundy had a long and a not uninteresting life, not merely as a man of letters, but as a Civil Servant of position, if never of distinction. The most interesting part of his *Memoirs* (1), however, so far as they have been at present published (that is to say, up to the Restoration or thereabouts, when he was some thirty-three years old), consists of his reminiscences—or rather, perhaps, his recollections—at second hand—of his parents' experiences during the Revolution itself, and the Terror especially. We hardly know a better instance—it is none the less good—that nothing particularly tragic came of it—of the intolerable tyranny of democracy. M. de Barante, senior, was in no sense, except that of birth, an "aristocrat." Like others of the noblesse, he had Liberal leanings during the *ancien régime*, and, unlike most of them, he did not give these leanings up at the Revolution. He did not emigrate; he did not plot; he, as the English vernacular would say, "didn't do nothing." Yet the Revolutionary Committee of Thiers, the town nearest Barante, arrested him, sequestered his property, and, but for the unwearied heroism of his wife (who went up to Paris and literally extorted his liberty from a deputy, as the widow in the Scriptures did her rights from the unjust judge), would probably have guillotined him. It may have served him right for not taking the part of his order, which happened to be also that of his country, more strenuously; but that hardly matters.

Although the name of the Comte de La Bouère may be known to those who have carefully studied the Vendéen War (2) it is probably unknown to the ordinary reader. The Count was one of the first to take up—not very willingly, and half forced by the peasantry—arms against the Republic; he served through the greater part of the war, and was a kind of second in command to Stofflet, till that gallant but ill-conditioned gamekeeper disgusted him, first by attempting to issue *assignats* on his own account, and then by the fatal and brutal condemnation and subsequent execution of Marigny. Not the least interesting thing about these notes of his wife's, which have now been published, is that the author who, as a young woman of twenty, saw nearly as much of the war as Mme. de Lescure herself, actually lived till so recent a date as 1867. It is curious to think that when men scarcely middle-aged were still undergraduates, there was a lady living who had heard the first rattle of the Vendéen guns at Jallais, and had furnished the heroic insurgents with pitchforks and pistols to go and meet the musketry and cannon of the "Blues." Mme. de La Bouère's notes have little or no literary value, nor do they, or should they, be expected to show very much critical power, but they certainly correct many small details on what seems to be good authority. And we may hope that they will stir at last some competent person up to undertake what certainly does not yet exist, a real history of the war. Mme. de La Bouère complains, we think justly, that far too much weight has been assigned to decidedly partisan accounts like that of the "Blue" General Turcotte on the one side, and to interesting but sometimes partially informed memoirs on the other. She has restored at least one hero to history, the corporal Perdriault, who, before even Cathelineau had exchanged flour for gunpowder, had stirred the *gars* up to resistance, and who fell early. She gives from actual experience accounts, made spirited by force of truth not art, of those fights and flights in the *ajoncs* or tall broom of which Balzac made the most in *Les Chouans*, and she supplies useful sidelights on the fatal jealousy between Stofflet and Charette, which—far more than any blunders of the first Vendéen army, or the mistaken though pardonable policy of England, or the selfishness, not to say cowardice, of the Comte d'Artois—nullified the heroism of the *gars*. Nay, in one sentence, where she describes the "desire of each *armée* [division or local contingent] to have its own district delivered first" she supplies the very key to the disasters of all guerilla warfare, from Scotland to Spain.

The first of the two volumes which we have from M. André Theuriot (3) is written for "La Nouvelle Collection," the plan of which, though not merely intended for schoolgirls, is distinctly *honnête*. But *Le bracelet de turquoise* is not more inoffensive than *L'oncle Scipion* (4), which appears to have been written without any restriction. Both display their author's admirable talent of reproducing the provincial life and scenery of the two districts most familiar to him—Lorraine and Touraine. *Le bracelet de turquoise* is only the first of several tales, one of which (telling how the reprehensible gluttony of a pretty young widow led her to make a second match worse than her first) is particularly light and ingenious. As for *Le bracelet* itself, it records an act of virtue by a certain inspector of local taxation, Le Dantec by name, which is heroic. Let us hope that M. Le Dantec was as right selfishly as he was ethically in determining the eternal question, "Which is better, a regret or a remorse?" in the first sense. But as for the husband of the heroine Fabienne—who had aquamarine eyes and a *retroussé* nose, and who allowed a perfect stranger to kiss her hand between glove and sleeve, and bullied her said husband into malversation of twenty pounds in order to buy her a *turquoise* bracelet, and told the stranger that the husband was a weak-minded young man for doing it—we doubt

very much whether his fate was more than postponed. *L'oncle Scipion*—an ingenious Bohemian and *faiscur* who rescued his little nephew from provincial dulness, and took him to Paris and did unto him both bad things and good—is a very agreeable personage of the good old type which Charles de Bernard and Jules Sandeau could construct when the *pourriture naturaliste* was not even in the stage before it became utterly rotten.

We may notice more shortly *Etudes traditionnistes*, translated from the English of Mr. Andrew Lang, with a prefatory and laudatory notice of the ingenious author (Paris: Maisonneuve); *La vie politique à l'étranger* (Paris: Charpentier), a companion to M. Daniel's useful *Année politique*, edited by M. Ernest Lavisse, and containing an ambitious but, so far as we have tested it, well-intentioned and carefully-executed summary; three more volumes (*Wanda*, *Don Gesualdo*, &c.) of the translation of Ouida (Paris: Hachette), who so does please Frenchmen; the official Report in French (Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot) of the International Conference on the Regulation of Labour; and the Fourteenth Annual Report, also official, of the Egyptian Public Debt Commission (Cairo: Imprimerie Nationale).

## NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

MUCH of the country described in *An Exploration of Exmoor* (Seeley & Co.), by Mr. John Lloyd Warden Page, is fairly over-run by summer visitors. The substance and limits of the author's perambulation are represented by the Quantock and Brendon Hills, the sea-coast from "Kilve's shore" to Lee Bay, and Exmoor westward to the valley of the Bray, and southward to Dulverton. Tourists explore this charming country not altogether as travellers in the wild and unknown. They are moved rather by the writings of Kingsley and Whyte-Melville than filled with the spirit of Dugdale and Camden. It is *Lorna Doone*, not the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, they carry with them. Mr. Page's book, with its pretty—perhaps too pretty—etchings and drawings by Mr. Arthur Dawson, its pleasing descriptions of scenery, its fluent discourse concerning Roman camps, hill-beacons, barrows, old churches, and the battle-fields of Alfred, will increase the pleasure of the blameless tourist. The topography of Mr. Blackmore's romance is carefully delineated, the literary associations of Alfoxton and Nether Stowey, the hunting of the red deer, the superstitions and folklore, are briefly sketched. Porlock is well described, but not that "person from Porlock" who still evades Coleridge's editors. Perhaps Mr. Forman will discover his name and his lineage. But Mr. Page cares for none of these things. He spoils an excellent story of Cottle's by a bare allusion, instead of telling it in the Bristol poet's inimitable style. The gradual, yet certain, cockneyfying of Lynton and Lynmouth scarcely touches him. But in description his book is clear, methodical, and of sound guidance for the most part. The history and antiquarian lore are less satisfactory. The well-known belief in the discovery of drowned persons by a floating beacon made of a loaf and a lighted candle is "a curious expedient" that Mr. Page has but lately heard of. Then, again, Mr. Page writes, in his fourth chapter, as if he had never heard of Chatterton. After quoting the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, he speaks of the second repulse of the Lidwicas by the English under Ælle, governor of Bristol Castle. "This man," says Mr. Page, "was evidently a person of some note." Then he proceeds to tell all he knows about him. "A curious ballad, written in 1468, by Thomas Rowle, a Carmelite monk, father-confessor to William Canynge, founder of St. Mary Redcliffe, is copied in Mrs. Roger's 'Myths, Scenes, and Worthies of Somerset.' It is entitled 'A Song to Ælle, Lord of the Castle of Bristowes in daies of yore,' and its quaintness will perhaps excuse the quotation of the first three verses." Mr. Page then gives the first three stanzas of Chatterton's fine ode, the "Song to Ælla," without any reference to the author, as if he believed in the mythical Rowley and in Mrs. Roger as his first transcriber.

Mr. F. R. Fleet has produced *A Theory of Wit and Humour* (Remington & Co.), which professes to be a very serious inquiry into the nature of wit and humour. Such a theme, if well considered, might contribute much to the gaiety of society. Unhappily, Mr. Fleet is nothing better than an analyst and classifier of jokes. Mr. Fleet is "scientific," in fact. He will start a joke—a mere pun will do—and will hunt it down with virulence. After elaborating pages of desperate explanation, you wish he would explain his explanation. The worst of it is, you are never fairly rid of it. Again and again does the dead or dejected joke turn up, with all its sad train of explanatory relations, until you feel it is not Shadwell, but Mr. Fleet, who is the "last great prophet of tautology." It is ghoulish work, this dissection of a joke. Here is an illustration of the second class or "riddle" form of puns, the "likeness with a difference between" order of jokes:—"What is the difference between a certain sacred cantata of Mendelssohn's and the *encore* of a singer in that work? The one is the Hymn of Praise; and the *encore* of the singer the praise of him." "Here," says Mr. Fleet, "as we think at first only of the pronoun 'him,' we do not see the likeness to the word 'hymn'; but an instant later we recognise the identity which, when pronounced, him has with hymn." Then follows an unutterable disquisition on "the data for the event of the occasion for the words, 'The Hymn of Praise,' &c." Mr. C. H. Waterhouse's five essays on "life and character

(1) *Souvenirs du Baron de Barante*. Tome I. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(2) *La guerre de la Vendée*. Souvenirs de la Comtesse de La Bouère. Paris: Plon.

(3) *Le bracelet de turquoise*. Par A. Theuriot. Paris: Charpentier.

(4) *L'oncle Scipion*. Par A. Theuriot. Paris: Lemerre.



*Insignia Vitæ* (Virtue & Co.), treat of "Nature's Place in the Life of Man," "The Exercise of the Judgment," "The Real Self, or 'Ego,' in Man," and other abstruse matters, in a style that is diffuse, as modern essayists are wont to be, yet does not lapse into obscurity. The two last-named essays, though not free from platitudes or surplussage, are thoughtful and suggestive. Whether a murderer, like Eugene Aram, can be said to exercise the judgment in the act of murder is a singular problem suggested by the author's essay, and the defence of this choice of an illustrative example is not without force and ingenuity. The most striking of the essays, however, is that on "the 'Ego' in Man." This should be read with interest by those who are troubled overmuch concerning Hypnotism and its limitations.

Mr. J. A. Goodchild has written a fairy tale, *A Fairy Godfather* (Remington & Co.) the title, that inverts the old rule. He writes from the fairy's point of view, as if the proper study of fairies were mankind, and his story deals with the adventures of a fairy who undertakes the guardianship of a little girl until she grows up, and is married. The fairy godfather plays many parts and plays them exceedingly well. Altogether, this is a charming story, told with much humour and pathos, and developed to a happy end with considerable cleverness.

"To most of the world, Captain Mayne Reid is known only as a writer of thrilling romances and works on natural history." Thus writes Mrs. Reid in her interesting sketch of her husband's life, *Mayne Reid: a Memoir* (Ward & Downey), in which his career as a man of action and a soldier is narrated in a pleasing, unpretentious style. Most boys, we imagine, in reading Mayne Reid's earlier books instinctively associated the author with the exploits of his heroes. They felt that the reminiscences of the Mexican war were personal, and the author was the hero of his stories. "Most of the world," however, know nothing, we fear, of Mayne Reid's very pleasant book, *The Naturalist in Siluria*. He was an excellent observer of nature. It is curious that this daring and restless spirit should have settled in Herefordshire and set himself to study, with much admirable patience and care, the habits of wild birds and the art of forestry. But he had the topographical eyes, not less than the "typographical eyes," which a writer in the *Spectator*, according to the typist of the present volume, ascribed to him.

Miss Lilian Leeland is a great traveller. *A Woman's Journey Around the World* (New York: American News Co.; London: Brentano's) is an account of Miss Leeland's two years of unprotected voyaging, covering nearly sixty thousand miles. "No woman," says the editorial notice, "ever travelled so far alone, with the single exception of Ida Pfeiffer." Few Americans, if any, have accomplished one of Miss Leeland's feats. She arrived in England without crossing the Atlantic.

Life in San Remo is prettily depicted in Mr. Marriion Wilcox's slight yet pleasing sketch, *The Paradise in Hyde Park* (Gilbert & Rivington). The "paradise" dreamed of in San Remo might have been realized on a smaller scale than "Signor Ravelli" projected, if the 1851 Exhibition building had been transformed to a winter garden. But our climate has brought disillusion to Mr. Wilcox. He spent last winter in Torquay, and enjoyed only two bright days in six weeks. He no longer believes in hanging gardens and celestial recreation grounds for the modern Babylon.

*Three Notable Stories* (Spencer Blackett) is a volume of short stories by the Marquess of Lorne, Mrs. Alexander, and Mr. Thomas Hardy, all of which are good reading, though not otherwise remarkable.

Mrs. Alexander's skill as a story-teller is better exhibited in *Forging the Fetters* (Spencer Blackett), though the identity of the husband who returns from India to Scotland to plead for reconciliation with his long-separated wife who does not recognize him is perhaps too early revealed to the reader.

*The Angel and the Idiot* (David Stott) is the odd title of "a story of the next century" that tells of the Socialistic rule that is to be. It is not a story at all, but a dream of things to come, a vision of the dulness, the monotony, the blankness of the days of democracy when the *homme-machine* shall be in full working order.

Extracts from letters and diaries of a hundred years ago give an agreeable, old-fashioned tone to Mr. Lawrence Cave's *Scenes in the Life of a Sailor* (Digby & Long). The sailor, after some years of active service, abandons prize-taking and becomes an Evangelical clergyman. The story of his engagement to a charming young lady, and the account of the wedding, are prettily told. The lovers addressed verses to one another, as was the good old way of affection, simple verses such as these:—

The tear that glistens in her radiant eye—  
To me far dearer than the diamond's blaze;  
Her artless truth inspires my soul with love,  
Her lovely form attracts my ardent gaze.

And she replies:—

Oh, lend to me thy tuneful muse,  
And I will strive to impart,  
To thee, my Charles, what formed the cord  
That twined these round my heart.

*Glimpses into Nature's Secrets*, by Edward Alfred Martin (Elliot Stock), is a collection of brief, well-written geological and natural history sketches, from one of which it appears that the writer studies geology from a railway carriage, as Charles Kingsley did on the Great Western line.

Among new editions we have to acknowledge Mr. Rudyard Kipling's *Plain Tales from the Hills* (Macmillan & Co.); Mr.

Henry Vizetelly's *Facts about Champagne*, revised edition (Vizetelly & Co.); and a reprint of Samuel Lover's popular story, *He would be a Gentleman* (Warne & Co.), the latest addition to the "Crown Library" of fiction.

We have also received a seventh series of Miss Yonge's *Cameos from English History* (Macmillan & Co.), dealing with the Rebellion and Restoration (1642-78); Vol. VI. of *Blackie's Modern Cyclopædia*, edited by Dr. Charles Annandale (Blackie & Son); *Mental Faculty*, a course of lectures by Francis Warner, M.D. (Cambridge: at the University Press); *The Village Community*, by George Lawrence Gomme, "Contemporary Science Series" (Walter Scott); *Visitations of English Cluniac Foundations*, by Sir G. F. Duckett, Bart. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *The History of the Sufferings of Eighteen Carthusians in England*, translated from the Latin of Dom Maurice Chauncy (Burns & Oates); *A Continental Scamper*, by "Periscope" (Bemrose & Sons), "being reminiscences of a visit to the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau," &c.; *Education from the Cradle*, by the Princess Mary Ourousoff, translated by Mrs. Fielding (Bell & Sons); *St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux*, by Samuel J. Eales, M.A., D.C.L. (S.P.C.K.); *What are the Churches for?* by Frank Ballard—Part II. "The Nursery" (Elliot Stock); *Episodes from "Feodore Dose"*, readings from Häcklander, with notes by Mr. Buresford-Webb (Rivingtons); *Notes from a Soldier's Diary*, by D. E. Mackay (Remington & Co.); *At the Mercy of Tiberius*, by Augusta Evans Wilson (Belfast: Olly); *Apples of Eden*, by Estelle (Routledge); and the eighth edition of Messrs. Jarrold's *Illustrated Guide to Great Yarmouth*.

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